

RIOTS AND OUTBREAKS IN TWO INDIAN CITIES

The Daily Mirror

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[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

'WANTED TO SEE WIFE AND CHILDREN': LAMBETH INQUEST



Rifleman Clark, who said he was instructed to fire.



The baby the dead man never saw.



Private Savage.



Mrs. Savage.



Mrs. Savage seated in court with her baby.



Private Kitching leans forward to listen to the evidence.



Lance-Corporal de Bues in the box. "I was given ball cartridges and found it necessary to use them."

"I should like to see my wife and children before I go to quod. Will you make a dash for it?" This, according to the evidence of Private Kitching, 11th Royal Scots, was the reason why Private Savage tried to regain his liberty. Kitching, who was handcuffed to Savage, added, "A few yards down the road Savage struck Clark and then ran for-

ward, saying to me: "Come along." The inquest on Savage, who was shot while endeavouring to escape from military escort near Waterloo Station, was opened yesterday at the Lambeth Coroner's Court by Mr. Ingleby Oddie, and adjourned. (Report on page 2.)—(Daily Mirror exclusive photographs.)

WHY A HANDCUFFED MAN RAN.

"To See Wife and Children Before Quod."

INQUEST STORIES.

Fellow-Captive's Account of What Shot Man Said.

Poignant stories of the shooting of Private Savage, 26th Labour Company, R.A.S.C., when he was endeavouring to escape from a military escort near Waterloo were told at the inquest on him yesterday.

Particularly dramatic was the evidence of Rifleman Clark, who fired the shot, and of Private Kitching, 11th Royal Scots, who was handcuffed to Savage at the time.

According to Kitching, Savage had been sentenced to ten years' penal servitude for desertion, and before making his dash he said:—

"I should like to see my wife and children before I go to quod. Will you make a dash for it?"

Kitching added: "A few yards down the road Savage struck Clark, and then ran forward, saying to me, 'Come along.'"

If, said the coroner, the jury came to the conclusion that the shots were fired when the prisoner firing them, or giving the order for them to be fired, had other reasonable method of capturing the man who was running away, and did not realise, or pause to consider that before firing, then such person would be guilty of manslaughter.

"BLOW ON THE NECK."

It would be his duty to direct the jury on that point at the end of the evidence.

Lance-Corporal De Bues, of the 16th London Regiment, who was a jeweller before joining the Army three years ago, said he was a part of an escort marching six prisoners to Waterloo Station.

They had been dealt with in France for military offences. The dead man was one of them. Private Savage and Private Kitching were handcuffed together and were marching in front.

At that time (said witness) he was at the rear of the escort, but when they got into Lower Marsh-road Savage and Kitching were walking much more fast for the other prisoners who were following.

"I had a feeling," said De Bues, "that there was going to be trouble with Savage, and I came from the rear and remained with them. When we were walking along Lower Marsh-road, I suddenly received a blow across the back of the neck from Private Savage, who also attempted to trip me up."

The Coroner: Did he succeed?
Witness: Only partly. He caused me to stumble. Both men immediately bolted, and I called on Rifleman Clark to follow me and to try and catch them, but they were getting farther away.

"STOP, OR I FIRE!"

The Coroner: What arms had you?
Witness: We had ten rounds of ball cartridge issued to us at Headquarters in France. I was given the barrel of a .303 and the prisoners gave trouble, and I found it necessary to use them.

The Coroner: What trouble?—If there was trouble in the event of their eluding me, and I was quite sure they could not be recaptured otherwise.

Witness added: "There were six prisoners and four of an escort. I called repeatedly to them to stop, and I shot several times. 'Stop those men.' 'I did my best to gain on them, and when I found I could not I shouted, 'Stop, or I fire.'"

"When we got into Frazier-street the two men, Savage and Kitching, began to run. I called to them to stop, but they would not."

The Coroner: Could they hear you?—I think they could. I said to Clark: 'We shall have to bring them down. Load your rifle and aim low.' As we passed to load the two prisoners gained considerably on us.

The Coroner: What distance were they away?—I should think about seventy yards.

RIFLEMAN'S STORY.

At the time the shot was fired were the two prisoners standing still or running?—They were running fast.

It was not true, said the witness, that the men had their backs to the wall. When the shot was fired Savage fell, and he and Clark went to his assistance.

The Coroner: Why didn't you continue to run after them?—I was exhausted.

It is under seventy yards. Did you fire because you thought they were bound to get away, or were you worried because the four other prisoners were left in charge of two of an escort?—I was worried on both accounts.

What would happen to you if you lost your men?—I knew I should be court-martialled, and I also knew that the sentence would be severe.

The witness added he was rather heavily assaulted afterwards by the excited crowd.

Rifleman Clark, of the escort, said that he tried to follow the prisoners, but he was not able to run very fast as he suffered from valvular disease of the heart.

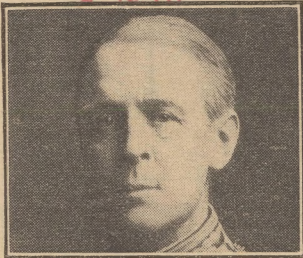
Acting on De Bues' instructions, he loaded his rifle and fired.

The Coroner: What did you aim at?—At Savage's boots.

He went up to Savage after he had fallen.

The Coroner: Did he say anything?—Yes; he said, 'Did you shoot me, you —?'

The hearing was adjourned.



Lord Chelmsford, the Viceroy of India, whose telegrams about the Indian disturbances appear on page 3.

DRAMA OF SHOTS.

Mysterious Affair in Charing Cross-road.

STORY OF A REVOLVER.

Charing Cross-road was the scene of a mysterious shooting affair shortly after six o'clock yesterday morning, one man being shot in the shoulder and another in the leg.

According to the story of the injured men, they went to Covent Garden market and after wards walked through Long Acre to Charing Cross-road.

When opposite Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell's they state that another man came up, and after exclaiming "Look out," pointed a revolver at them and fired.

Both men were able to walk to Charing Cross Hospital, where they were detained.

Inquiries made by the police fail to throw much light upon the matter. It is stated that a man was seen to fire a revolver at two other men and then run away.

The man was pursued, but dashed down a side street and got away.

LONDON'S OWN.

Victory March of London Troops in June.

The Army Council has approved the Lord Mayor's proposal for a march through London of London troops, which will take place early in June, probably on a Saturday. The date, however, will be chosen by the King.

It is felt that both City and County regiments should be represented in one parade. During the war these men have been grouped together in divisions and brigades, they have fought side by side, and London's tribute has been equally merited by them all.

A certificate of thanks from the City or from the County of London will be presented to every man who has served overseas.

A permanent memorial will be erected of the heroism, gallantry and efficiency of these citizen soldiers, and if funds permit a scheme for the future benefit of the men or their dependants may be added.

The Lord Mayor and Lord Escher are issuing an appeal for funds in connection with the proposed memorials.

CIVILIAN FLYING AT LAST.

Ban Finally Removed on May 1—An Easter Concession.

General Seely's announcement in the House of Commons yesterday afternoon that it is intended to start civilian flying on May 1 has rather taken the aircraft companies by surprise, but plans are immediately being put in hand to take advantage of the removal of the official ban. Easter passenger flights are also to be permitted from April 17 to April 22. They are limited to a radius of three miles from the aerodrome, and service type machines only must be used.

Messrs. Handley Page, Ltd., have several big schemes in hand, but details are not yet settled. "We shall celebrate the occasion," said an official to *The Daily Mirror*, by giving the public joy-rides on our own aerodrome on May 1."

OFFICER'S PERILOUS CLIFF CLIMB.

The body of Lieutenant Ernest Rankin, R.N.V.R., of Tavistock-square, London, who was drowned in Brixham outer harbour on February 6 during a strong gale, was recovered yesterday.

His companion, another officer, had a narrow escape from drowning, being found in an exhausted condition after a perilous climb up the face of a steep quarry during a dark and bitterly cold night.

Princess Ileana, the Queen of Rumania's youngest daughter, left London for Paris yesterday.

TOP O' THE BUS TRIPS

Health and Beauty for a Shilling at Eastertide.

WOODS, HILLS AND RIVERS.

Why not spend the Easter holidays on top of an omnibus?

Exhilarating spins along country roads, fresh cheeks, glimpses of well-known beauty spots—these attractions are at the disposal of the jaded Londoner, and all for a shilling or thereabouts! Commencing on Good Friday and continuing over Monday country motor-bus routes are to be reinstated.

Intending tourists can choose between Epping Forest, the Thames upper reaches, the Surrey hills or the northern heights.

Here are a few typical excursions: Elephant and Castle to Epping town, 1s. 4d.; Camberwell Green to Chingford, 11d.; Highgate to Hampton Court, 1s. 1d.; King's Cross to Epsom, 1s. 2d.; Golders Green to St. Albans, 1s. 2d.; Camden Town to Caterham, 1s. 3d.

The caravan is suggested as a temporary solution to the housing problem and also as a holiday resort.

"We been talking about it for years," said Mr. Harris Stone, secretary to the Caravan Club, to *The Daily Mirror*. "But no cheap caravans are procurable."

A van that could be bought in pre-war days for £30 now costs £80. Larger ones, with space for from six to eight persons, cost £350, unfurnished.

'MUDDLING WITH WELSH.'

Parent Who Did Not Want Language Taught His Son.

From Our Own Correspondent.

CARNARVON, Monday.

An English parent's grievance because his children were taught Welsh at school was mentioned in proceedings instituted by the Education Authority here to-day.

John Smith, summoned for the non-attendance of two children, had written to the authority repeating a statement alleged to have been made in a Council school class by a woman teacher, viz., "You know Wales has been trodden on by the English through having a King of their own."

He had also asked that the teacher should refrain from "muddling his son's head with Welsh," as he was never likely to use the language.

The teacher said that all she said in a history lesson was that while Wales was once divided into factions, we were now all united under one King. Defendant was fined 10s.

PHYLLIS DARE'S PARENTS.

Question of Alimony in the County Court.

The matrimonial affairs of Miss Phyllis Dare's parents came before Judge Selfe at the Marylebone County Court yesterday, when Mr. J. Dones, of Lauderdale Mansions, Maida Vale, was sued by his wife, Mrs. Dones, of Birchington, Kent, who claimed £30 arrears of maintenance under an order of alimony.

Mr. J. Oddy, for Mr. Dones, said that the daughters of the parties were two well-known actresses, Miss Phyllis Dare and Miss Zena Dare (now the Honourable Mrs. Brett).

Miss Phyllis Dare agreed three years ago to allow her mother £5 a week, and that was to be taken in liquidation of this debt, as she was a young girl at her parents' expense and not at variance over the matter.

Mrs. Brett also made her mother a certain allowance. Counsel added that Mr. Dones was at present a temporary clerk in a bank with a salary of £5 a week, and his former employer had guaranteed a payment of £25 a quarter if the Court held that he owed this money.

The case was adjourned.

"ROAD INFORMATION."

Useful Hints for Motorists Planning Easter Holidays.

The following "road information," supplied by the Automobile Association, will be of interest to all motorists in view of the Easter holidays.

ANGLESEY.—Road from Beaumaris to Pontræth should be avoided.

BRECONSHIRE.—All roads in fair condition.

CARDIGANSHIRE.—Bad sections of roads in south, chiefly between Aberystwyth and Synod Inn and New Quay, Lampeter and Cardigan, and New Quay and Aberystwyth. No alternative routes.

GLoucestershire.—All roads moderately good.

MONMOUTHSHIRE.—Road between Machen and St. Mellons impossible.

Further road information will be published in *The Daily Mirror* to-morrow.

THUNDER AND SUNSHINE.

Reports from the health resorts yesterday showed that although the weather was unsettled there were fair intervals during the day.

Many places in South-West England and Wales received from three to five hours of sunshine. Penzance reported seven hours.

Thunderstorms were reported from Harrogate and Penzance.

MISSING GIRL FOUND BY THE POLICE.

Cissie Raymond Traced to House in Glasgow.

MET STRANGE MAN.

Story of Hotel in London and Trip to Liverpool.

From Our Own Correspondent.

GLASGOW, Monday.

Cissie Raymond, aged twelve, who disappeared mysteriously on April 5 from her home in Greck-street, Soho, London, and whose absence has created so much concern, was to-day successfully traced by the Glasgow police.

Acting on information supplied by Scotland Yard Detective Superintendent Fraser, of the local police, proceeded this morning to a house in Anderston, Glasgow, where he found the missing girl.

The owner of the house stated that the girl had been brought there by a relative.

The girl was quite bright and cheerful, in perfect health, and quite oblivious of the alarm and suspense her absence had created among her friends.

TRIP TO LIVERPOOL.

In answer to interrogations by the officer, the girl stated that she met a strange man about 9 p.m. on April 5 in Tottenham Court-road, who addressed her by commenting upon her lovely appearance, and that she told him she had nowhere to go and was sent by him to a hotel in London, where she remained until April 8.

In the meanwhile her voluntary guardian purchased for her a hat and coat, and he next asked her to come to Liverpool.

She left London on the morning of the 9th and travelled to Lime-street. She stayed overnight in Liverpool. Next morning she was asked to come to Glasgow, whither she proceeded.

On arrival there she was taken to the house where she was discovered by the police.

Inquiries are being made by the police into the story.

THE "RAGGED ARMY."

Major Loraine Gives Evidence in Action by Stage Costumers.

Major Loraine, the well-known actor and airman, gave evidence yesterday before Mr. Justice Greer, when Messrs. L. and H. Nathan, theatrical costumers, of Coventry-street, Piccadilly, sued Captain William Morrice, of the Royal Air Force, for the return of a number of theatrical costumes which were lent to him in the early part of 1917.

The action was a sequel to the hire of certain historical costumes and weapons which—among other purposes—were to be used to equip "The Ragged Army" in one of the plays given behind the lines.

Mr. Robert Loraine said that when Major of the 40th Squadron he had charge of the theatricals. He instructed Captain Morrice to get the costumes, and that officer acted entirely on behalf of the squadron.

Mr. Justice Greer, in giving judgment for the plaintiff for £240 and costs, said it was with a certain amount of regret he had concluded that the defendant must bear the burden which ought to have fallen upon all the other members of the squadron to which he was attached in 1916.

HOT CROSS OR COLD CROSS?

Bakers Hold Over "Bun" Strike Notices Pending Inquiry.

The dismay created by the threat that there will be no hot cross buns this year, owing to the determined refusal of the bakers to undertake night work, is quite unfounded, according to Mr. W. Banfield, the secretary of the Operative Bakers' Union.

"It is sheer nonsense," he said to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday. "People don't want to eat buns made on Thursday night, as they would have to if the masters had their way. They want real hot cross buns, made Good Friday morning."

"What what will happen if the big firms insist on night work during the six days at Easter that have been exempted from the Twelve-Hour Order?" he was asked.

"That will precipitate a national strike," he replied.

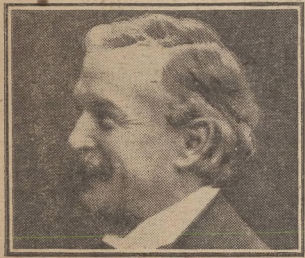
Negotiations Resumed.—In the House of Commons yesterday Sir R. Horne, in reply to Mr. J. Davidson, said negotiations between the employers and the Bakers' Trade Union had been resumed.

Meanwhile, bakers' strike notices have been held over pending an inquiry into the whole question of the abolition of night work.

"THE DAILY MIRROR" WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED ON GOOD FRIDAY, April 18.

GERMANS TO FACE PEACE TERMS ON APRIL 25

"I AM SATISFIED."



The Premier, who returned to London yesterday, stated in Paris that he was very well satisfied with the peace work achieved.

ATLANTIC FLIGHT MAY BE A DRAMATIC RACE.

Weather Holds Up Hawker—Raynham Getting Machine Ready.

FOG, SNOW AND RAIN.

Mr. Hawker has postponed his start in the transatlantic flight till to-day.

Weather reports issued yesterday indicated that there was no possibility of a start. "Conditions bad on both sides of the Atlantic," sums them up.

It is suggested that if the bad weather conditions continue they may produce an interesting development by giving Mr. F. Raynham and Captain C. W. F. Morgan with their Martinsyde machine a chance to be ready to "take off" at the same time as Mr. Hawker and Commander Grieve with the Sopwith machine, so that there might be a neck-and-neck race.

Captain Morgan hopes to test his machine to-night, even if the weather is such that a start is inadvisable.

The latest report issued by the New York Weather Bureau and received last night said: "Cold, with rain and snow. Off Newfoundland Banks foggy."

From St. John's, says Reuter, comes the statement that indications point to a storm which may postpone Mr. Hawker's flight for a couple of days.

Dirigible Getting Ready.—The Clyde-built airship R 34 is expected to complete her overhaul this week, and will thereafter await the Admiralty's orders to proceed to East Fortune, Haddingtonshire, her official station.

There she will be further tested and probably put through a series of manoeuvres to familiarise the crew prior to the Atlantic flight, which is expected to take place towards the end of May or early in June.

Various improvements have been effected, and it is confidently hoped on the Clyde that the R 34 will be selected for the transatlantic test.

THE "RED" MENACE IN GERMANY.

Serious Outlook in Saxony—British Warning to Austria.

The internal situation in Germany is grave. No sooner is a Bolshevik outbreak in one quarter suppressed than a fresh rising takes place in another.

With the collapse of the Bavarian Bolsheviks there comes a fresh "Red" outburst in Saxony and martial law has had to be proclaimed throughout the whole State.

Assistance has been requested from Berlin. The downfall of the Bavarian "Red" regime at Munich was accomplished with dramatic suddenness and without a struggle. The garrison has established a military dictatorship in support of the Hoffman Government, which has issued a proclamation to the people and cancelled all the Soviet dispositions.

Levien, the Bavarian "Red" leader, is stated (Exchange) to have escaped to Switzerland with "swap" to the amount of £150,000.

In Dusseldorf heavy fighting continues between Government troops and Spartacists; from Essen further conflicts are reported, and in Hamburg the outlook is again serious.

Colonel Cunningham, the British Military Representative in Vienna, has warned the Austrian Government that any disturbances will mean the cessation of imports of food.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

S.E. England.—Wind from west, veering towards north-west; fresh or strong, moderating later. Squally. Sky changeable; some showers, hail locally. Temperature falling.

Historic Versailles Meeting Fixed—Premier to See the King To-day.

RIOTS AND FIRES IN INDIAN CITIES.

Versailles Date.—Mr. Wilson announced officially last night that the German delegates would be invited to Versailles on April 25. Mr. Lloyd George, who is back in London, will be received by the King to-day and will speak in the Commons to-morrow.

Trouble in India.—There have been serious riots in some Indian cities, where buildings were burned and lives lost.

MR. WILSON'S PARIS ANNOUNCEMENT.

Quick Drafting of the Final Terms.

OFFICIAL COMMUNIQUE.

PARIS, Monday.

The following statement was made to-night by President Wilson as spokesman of the Council of Four:—

In view of the fact that the questions which must be settled in the peace with Germany have been brought so near complete solution that he can now quickly be put to right the final process of drafting, those who have been most constantly in conference about them have decided to advise that the German plenipotentiaries be invited to meet representatives of the Associated belligerent nations at Versailles on April 25.

This does not mean that the many other questions connected with the general peace settlement will be interrupted or that their consideration, which has long been under way, will be retarded.

On the contrary, it is expected that rapid progress will now be made with those questions, so that they may also presently be expected to be ready for final settlement.

It is hoped that the questions most directly affecting Italy, especially the Adriatic question, can now be brought to a speedy agreement. The Adriatic question will be given for the time precedence over other questions and pressed by continual study to its final stage.

The settlements that belong especially to the treaty with Germany will be given the priority of the way at the same time that all other settlements are being brought to a complete formulation.

It is realised that though this process must be followed, all the questions of the present great settlement are parts of a single whole.

PRIME MINISTER'S RETURN.

Hopes To Be Back in Paris on Thursday Night.

Mr. Lloyd George reached Victoria Station at 8.15 last night on his return from Paris, and at once drove to 10, Downing Street.

The Prime Minister, who had a very rough crossing to Folkestone, looked exceedingly well, and was dressed in a travelling suit, with heavy greatcoat and soft hat. He will be received by the King to-day, and will speak in the Commons to-morrow.

The Prime Minister will not open the debate, but will hear the various views before he makes his speech.

On leaving Paris yesterday, Mr. Lloyd George, in a Press interview, said:—

All has gone well and still goes well. You may say that I am very well satisfied with what has been achieved and that M. Clemenceau also is eminently satisfied.

I hope to be back in Paris on Thursday night. Mr. Balfour is temporarily replacing Mr. Lloyd George on the Council of Four.

President Wilson said yesterday:—

I have high hopes that the most complicated questions have now been settled and that a satisfactory solution will be reached fairly soon.

Speaking in the Commons yesterday with regard to the punishment of the ex-Kaiser, Mr. Bonar Law said the Commission appointed to consider the question had reported, but he could make no statement on the subject. He was aware of the strong feeling in the country—a feeling in which the Government shared—that no legal quibbles, international or otherwise, should prevent justice being meted out to the ex-Emperor.

PEACE POSITION TO-DAY.

Here is a summary of the present stage of the peace negotiations:—

Indemnity and Reparation.—The Times Paris correspondent states that £20,000,000,000 to £12,000,000,000 had been decided on as the total amount of indemnity to be paid within fifty years. According to the Echo de Paris £25,000,000,000 will be a payment on account of which 55 per cent. will be allotted to France. Saar Settlement.—The ownership of the Saar mines is, says the Petit Journal, assured to France in perpetuity. France will police the

district, and after fifteen years a plebiscite will be taken to decide whether the valley shall belong to France or Germany.

Danzig.—Conference proposes a "free port" but Polish Committee adheres to demand for annexation pure and simple.

The transport of General Haller's troops through Germany begins to-day.

Rhine Frontier.—The Council of Four discussed the Rhine question yesterday. It is probable, says Reuter, that an agreement will be reached by which Great Britain and America will at once go to the assistance of France should the Germans ever advance west of a line fifty kilometres east of the Rhine. The chief question now is how to arrange this defensive Alliance in accordance with the League of Nations.

HUNS' SECRET ARMY.

Story of Hindenburg Plot to Turn on the Allies.

Germany, says a member of the Czech-Slovak delegation which has arrived in Paris, is steadily gathering together a secret army which she intends shall rise upon peaceful Europe like a band of assassins in the night.

Mr. Broda, the president of the Czech-Slovak delegation, says Reuter, declared that Germany is at the present moment making a huge effort to re-establish her army secretly. Thirty batteries, M. Broda says, are concealed near Zittau, Schiess, Weisenberg, Bautzen and Koenigs-wartha. There are also troops in Prussia and Brandenburg, at Kottbus, Hoyerswerth, Frankfurt-on-the-Oder and Ruskau (f).

Hindenburg is at the head of the plot. Recruiting proceeds daily with success, soldiers being offered six marks a day and their food—a bait more tempting than anything in civil life. Hidden in the woods are trains of weapons.

PARIS, Monday.

The 25,000 picked troops now at Riga, under General von Goltz—not the original Von der Goltz—is supposed to be used as a nucleus for "Kaiser's army," declared Dr. Vernon Kell, Food Delegate to Poland, in the course of an interview.—Exchange.

IRISH STRIKERS REGULATE FOOD SUPPLY.

No Bread or Milk in Limerick—15,000 Men Stop Industry.

Limerick's commercial life is at a standstill owing to the strike declared by the transport workers, who number about 15,000.

The strike arises owing to passports being required to enter and leave the town, and the chairman of the Strike Committee says it will continue till the barriers are withdrawn.

The unrest may spread through the South of Ireland. Sentries are posted at the post office and at various points in the town.

No bread was baked and no milk was sold yesterday, and as all provision dealers are closed the food situation is serious.

The Strike Committee has regulated the food distribution and allowed shops to be opened for that purpose.

The Criminal Injuries (Ireland) Bill to secure compensation for police injured or killed in the execution of their duty was read a second time in the House of Commons yesterday.

A determined effort was being made to make the government of Ireland impossible, said the Lord Chancellor.

SPAIN'S CABINET RESIGNS.

MADRID, Sunday.

The Cabinet has resigned.—Reuter.

PARIS, Monday.

A cable from Tangier to the Temps confirms the report that sharp fighting has taken place between Spanish native troops and bands under Raisuli in the vicinity of Tetuan.

The Spaniards tried to storm the position of Bensalah, an Arab quarter from the city. In the course of the engagement a force of native Spanish troops was surrounded and wiped out.—Exchange.

3 BANK MANAGERS BURNED TO DEATH.

Grave News of Indian Riots and Murders.

AGITATORS AT WORK.

The Daily Mirror learns the following facts concerning the disturbances in India, conveyed in dispatches from the Viceroy.

On April 6 "Humiliation Day" was observed. Following rioting and the general work of agitators an attempt was made to compel the closing of shops in Calcutta and other places.

Disturbances in Calcutta were due to attempts to compel passengers to leave tramway cars. In Punjab towns mourning was observed generally, but in other places the day was ignored.

The Viceroy's dispatch (dated April 13) refers to meetings addressed by Mr. Naidu and Gandhi in Bombay, and adds:—

"VIRULENT AGITATORS."

In the Punjab Dr. Kichlu and Mr. Satya Pal, two virulent agitators by whom dangerous excitement was being stirred up, were almost simultaneously served with orders by the Lieutenant-Governor restricting their residence.

Serious riots have taken place at Amritsar. The railway goods yard is reported to have been destroyed, and two banks and the Town Hall to have been burnt. Telegraph lines were cut, and attempts to tamper with the railway were also made. Five Europeans lost their lives in the rioting, and among the rioters there were thirty casualties.

Troops were quickly dispatched to the scene, and quiet has now been restored.

At Lahore disturbances took place about the same time. It is not clear whether these were due to orders against Gandhi or those against Kichlu and his companion. In any case, large processions were formed by the mob. They refused to disperse and it is believed at two places had to be fired upon.

It is understood that among the rioters there were five casualties. Troops were quickly on the scene, and all is now quiet. At Ahmedabad the mob burned down the city telegraph office.

Troops and an armoured train have been sent there, and all is believed to be quiet.

At Delhi it is understood that all is quiet. Some trouble has been caused in Bombay by Satyagrahis who threw themselves in front of trains.

TROOPS FIRE ON MOB.

Following is later information from various quarters.

Punjab.—Outside the gate of Lahore there was a fracas with mob, and troops had to fire. Two of mob were killed and two wounded.

Amritsar.—All is quiet, and arrests are being effected. Particulars of origin of outbreak indicate that there were three bank managers burned to death, though one of them appears to have been clubbed before he was burnt.

Troops, armoured train and aeroplane have been sent to restore order at Kanpur.

Several persons injured yesterday in Bombay, which was in disturbed condition, cavalry and police having to charge.

Previous telegrams dated April 11 said:—

A telegram of April 11, received from Bombay states that a report has been made by the Postmaster-General that the telegraph office, Ahmedabad City, was burned by a mob, and at the time when the message was dispatched was being burnt by them.

Punjab telegraphed this evening in following terms repeated for your information:—

Serious rioting took place at Amritsar to-day, subsequent to the removal of Kichlu and Satya Pal, the two agitators.

Goods shed was destroyed, the town hall and National and Chartered Banks were burnt, and the telegraph office was wrecked. Three Europeans, one of whom was a railway guard, were killed. Infantry are being sent as early as possible from Lahore numbering 100 British, 200 other troops.

Egypt is quieter after a demand to end martial law and that British soldiers who are not on duty should not carry arms.

LENIN'S TRIPLE ALLIANCE

According to the Deutsche Tageszeitung, Lenin communicated with Scheidegger after the Hungarian outbreak conveying an offer from Bolshevik Russia and Hungary to form an alliance with Germany against the Entente and Poland, and to place an army of 500,000 men immediately at Germany's disposal.

Germany would, moreover, be permitted to recruit among Russian prisoners of war.

The frontiers of 1914, added the note, would be guaranteed to Germany. At the same time the case of Alsace-Lorraine and Poland a plebiscite would be taken.—Reuter.

Scandinavia Next?—Insurrections are being organised to break out throughout Finland, says an Exchange Telegraph message from Copenhagen. The Russian Bolsheviks are preparing an attack. They have also planned insurrections to take place in Norway and Sweden.

WHY MY MEMORY RARELY FAILS ME

and how the secret of a good memory may be learned in a single evening. By DAVID M. ROTH, Inventor of the

ROTH Memory Course

NOTE.—When we asked Mr. Roth to tell in his own words, for publication, the remarkable story of the development of his system for the cure of bad memories, we found him reluctant to talk about himself. When we reminded him that he could do no finer service than to share his story with others—just as he is sharing his method for obtaining a better memory with thousands who are studying his famous Memory Course—he cordially agreed to our proposal. And here is his story:

FIFTY members of a well-known club were seated in the banquet hall of the Hotel Metropole. I was introduced to each member in turn, and each gave me his telephone number and told me his occupation. An hour later, after they had changed seats while my back was turned to them, I called each man by name, gave his telephone number and his occupation, without a single error.

The following evening in the office of a large business institution, I asked the chairman of the concern to write down fifty words, numbers, and names, and to number each item. An hour later I called out each item, and gave the number opposite which it had been written.

At another time I glanced at the licence numbers of a hundred and five motor-cars which passed. These numbers were written down by witnesses, in the order in which the cars passed. Later I called each number correctly and gave the order in which the numbers were to be. I have appeared at numerous meetings, conventions, and clubs, giving demonstrations of my memory. I have met over 10,000 people in my travels. Yet I am quite sure I can recall nearly every one of these men and women by name the instant I meet them, and ask most of them how the timber business is or the shoe business or whatever business they were in when I was first introduced to them.

People wonder at these memory feats. Hundreds have asked me how I can store so many facts, figures, and faces in my mind and recall them at will. And they are even more mystified when I explain that my memory used to be so poor that I forgot a man's name twenty seconds after I met him! In fact that was what led me to investigate and study the cause of poor memory and the remedy. For years I read books on psychology, mental culture, memory, and other subjects. All of these books were good, but none of them were definite or easy enough. So I laboured until I found out what it was that enabled me to remember some things while I forgot others. Finally I worked out a system that made my memory practically infallible.

I explained my system to a number of friends, and they could hardly believe it possible. But some of them tried my method, and invariably they told me they had doubled their memory power in a week. They grasped the method the first evening, and then developed it as far as they cared to go.

The principles which I had formulated in improving my own memory were so simple and so easy to apply that I decided to give my method to the world.

At first I taught my memory system in person. My classes, in clubs, banks, stores, railway offices, factories, and every kind of business institution, grew amazingly in size and number. Memory teaching became my sole profession, and a wonderful experience it has been all the time.

I soon realised that I could never hope to serve more than a small fraction of those who needed my memory system and I began to take it up unless I put it into a home-study course which people could acquire without personal instruction.

The Standard Art Book Co., Ltd., became interested in my work, and saw the large possibilities of my course as an element in their broad programme for personal efficiency and self-improvement.

So it was my pleasure to join forces with this great publishing house, and the Roth Memory Course, in seven simple lessons, was offered to the public at a price of 30s.

No money in advance was to be asked, the idea being that the Course must sell itself purely on its merits.

As you have doubtless observed, an extensive advertising campaign was launched by my publishers, with announcements in all the leading periodicals of the country and in many leading newspapers.

This campaign has since continued with ever-growing momentum. From the very start this advertising was successful. The idea spread. Orders came in from everywhere. Edition after edition of the lessons were printed, and still thousands of orders could not be filled.

The promise was made that the Course would improve any man's or woman's memory in one evening. And it did! Letters of praise began to pour in almost as fast as the lessons were sent out—and have kept up ever since in a veritable flood.

For example, Major E. B. Craft, Assistant Chief Engineer, of the Western Electric Company, wrote:—

"Last evening was the first opportunity I

had to study the course, and in one sitting I succeeded in learning the list of 100 words forward and backward, and to say that I am delighted with the method is putting it very mildly, I feel already that I am more than repaid in the real value and enjoyment that I have got out of the first lesson."

C. Louis Allen, who became Manager of the Pyrene Company at 32, said:—

"Now that the Roth Memory Course is finished, I want to tell you how much I have enjoyed the study of this most fascinating subject. Usually these courses involve a great deal of drudgery, but this has been nothing but pure pleasure all the way through. I have derived much benefit from taking the course of instruction and feel that I shall continue to strengthen my memory. That is the best part of it. I shall be glad of an opportunity to recommend your work to my friends."

And here is just a quotation from H. O. Smith, Branch Manager of the Multigraph Co., Ltd.:—

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day you can, in any one—I don't care who he is—improve his memory in a week and have a good memory in six months."

Then there is the amazing experience of Victor Jones, who increased his business £20,000 in six months. And there are hundreds and hundreds of others who have studied the Course and who have secured greater benefit from it than they dreamed possible.

Perhaps the main reason why my method is so successful is because it is so ridiculously simple. You get the method of obtaining a remarkable memory in one evening—in the very first lesson. Then you develop your memory to any point you desire through the other six lessons. There are only seven lessons in all. Yet the method is so thorough that your memory becomes your obedient slave for ever. And instead of being hard work, it is as fascinating as a game. I have received letters from people who say the whole family gathers round the table for each lesson!

Men and women from all parts of the country have thanked me for having made it so easy for them to acquire an infallible memory. As one man said:—

"Memory and good judgment go hand in hand. Our judgment is simply the conclusions we draw from our experience, and our experience is only the sum total of what we remember. Now store away in my mind every valuable fact that relates to my business, whether it is something I hear or read, and when the proper time comes I recall all the facts I need. Before I studied the Roth Course it took me three times as long to gain experience, simply because I forgot so many facts."

And how true that is! We say of elderly men

that their judgment is "ripe." The reason it is ripe is because they have accumulated greater experience. But if we remember all the important facts we can have a ripened judgment 15 or 20 or 30 years sooner!

Thousands of sales have been lost because the salesman forgot some selling point that would have closed the order. Many men when they are called upon to speak fail to deliver their message or to make a good impression because they are unable to remember just what they wanted to say.

Many decisions involving thousands of pounds have been made unwisely because the man responsible didn't remember all the facts bearing on the situation, and thus used poor judgment. In fact, there is not a day but that the average business man forgets to do from one to a dozen things that would have increased his profits. There are no words in the English language more descriptive of business inefficiency than the two little words, "I forgot."

My pupils are gracious enough to say that nothing will make that fatal phrase obsolete so quickly as the memory system it has been my good fortune to evolve.

Mr. Roth has told his story. It now remains for you to turn it into dividends. This will happen, we are sure, if you will spend the fraction of time it requires to send for the complete Course on absolute approval.

After a few hours spent with the Roth Memory Course the fear as well as the tragedy of forgetting should be largely eliminated. You will obtain a fascinating new sense of confidence and power.

Not only that, but you will have a sense of freedom that you never felt before. You will be free of the memorandum pad, the notebook, and other artificial helps to which most of us are slaves.

To prove to you how easy it is to double, yes, treble, your memory power in a few short hours, the Publishers of the ROTH MEMORY COURSE are making a remarkable offer. Such confidence have they in the Course, that they are willing to send it to you for free examination in your own home.

DON'T SEND ANY MONEY.

Merely write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within three days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the Course, send only 30s. in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so post now before the introductory price is withdrawn.

Proofs of its merit lie in the fact that over 100,000 persons have bought the Roth Course during the last twelve months.

National Business and Personal Efficiency, Dept. 25a, THE STANDARD ART BOOK CO., LTD., 60, Chancery-lane, W.C.2.

THE SECRET of being a CONVINCING TALKER

HOW I LEARNED IT IN ONE EVENING. By GEORGE RAYMOND

"Have you heard the news about Frank Jordan?"

This question quickly brought to me the little group which had gathered in the centre of the office. Jordan and I had started with the Great Eastern Machinery Co., within a month of each other, four years ago. Jordan was taken into the accountants' department and I was sent out as traveller. Neither of us was blessed with an unusual degree of brilliancy, but we made good in our new jobs well enough to keep them.

Imagine my amazement, then, when I heard: "Jordan's just been made secretary of the company!"

I could hardly believe my ears. But there was the "Notice to Employees" on the notice board, telling about Jordan's good fortune.

Now I knew that Jordan was a capable fellow, quiet and unassuming, but I never would have selected him for any such sudden rise. I knew, too, that the Secretary of the Great Eastern had to be a big man, and I wondered how in the world Jordan secured the position.

The first chance I got I walked into Jordan's new office, and after congratulating him warmly I asked him to give me the details of how he jumped ahead so quickly. His story is so intensely interesting that I am going to repeat it as closely as I remember.

"I'll tell you just how it happened, George, because you may pick up a point or two that will help you."

"You remember how scared I used to be whenever I had to talk to the chief? You remember how you used to tell me that every time I opened my mouth I put my foot into it, meaning, of course, that every time I spoke I got into trouble? You remember when Ralph Stinton left to take charge of the Western office and I was asked to present him with the silver cup

the boys gave him, how flustered I was and how I couldn't say a word because there were people around? You remember how confused I used to be every time I met new people? I couldn't say what I wanted to say when I wanted to say it, and I had determined that if there was any possible chance to learn how to talk I was going to do it."

"The first thing I did was to buy a number of books on public speaking, but they seemed to me meant for those who wanted to become orators, whereas what I wanted to learn was not only how to speak in public, but how to speak to individuals under various conditions in business and social life. As I was about to give up hope of ever learning how to talk interestingly, I read an announcement stating that Dr. Frederick Law had just completed a new course in business talking, and public speaking entitled 'Mastery of Speech.' The course was offered on approval without money in advance, so since I had nothing whatever to lose by examining the lesson I sent for them and in a few days they arrived. I glanced through the entire eight lessons, reading the headings and a few paragraphs here and there, and in about an hour the whole secret of effective speaking was opened to me."

"For example, I learned why I had always lacked confidence, why talking had always seemed something to be dreaded, whereas it is really the simplest thing in the world to 'get up and talk.' I learned how to secure complete attention to what I was saying and how to make everything I said interesting, forceful, and convincing. I learned the art of listening, the value of silence, and the power of brevity. Instead of being unmy at the wrong time, I learned how and when to use humour with telling effect."

"But perhaps the most wonderful part of the lessons were the actual examples of what things to say and when to say them to meet every condition. I found that there was a knack in making oral reports to my superiors. I found that there was a right way and a wrong way to handle complaints, to give estimates, and to issue orders."

"I picked up some wonderful points about how to give my opinions, about how to answer questions about how to ask for extensions. Another thing that struck me forcibly was that, instead of antagonising people when I didn't agree with them, I learned how to bring them round to my way of thinking in the most pleasant sort of way. Then, of course, along with those lessons there were chapters on speaking before large audiences, how to find material for talking and speaking, how to talk to friends, how to talk to servants, and how to talk to children."

"Why, I got the secret the very first evening, and it was only a short time before I was able to apply all of the principles, and found that my wisdom in beginning to have an almost magical effect upon everybody to whom I spoke. It seemed that I got things done instantly, whereas formerly, as you know, what I said went 'in one ear and out the other.' I began to acquire an executive ability that surprised me. I smoothed out difficulties like a true diplomat."

"In my talks with the chief I spoke clearly, simply, convincingly. I entered the accounting department. I was given the job of answering complaints, and I made good. From that I was given the job of training college boys. When Mr. Bucker joined the Officer Training Corps I was made secretary. Between you and me, George, my salary is now £2,500 a year, and I expect it will be more from the first of the year."

"And I want to tell you honestly that I attribute

my success solely to the fact that I learned how to talk to people."

When Jordan finished I asked him for the address of the publishers of Dr. Law's Course and he gave it to me. I sent for it, and found it to be exactly as he had stated. After studying the eight simple lessons I was so impressed with the value of the course that I refused to listen to me at all. After four months of record-breaking sales during the dull season of the year I resigned my position as chief and asked me to return to the City office. We had quite a long talk, in which I explained how I was doing. He said that I was doing very well. I was Sales Manager at almost twice my former salary. I know that there was nothing in me that had changed except the way I spoke. I was the only man to talk where formerly I simply used "words without reason." I can never thank Jordan enough for giving me the secret of how to win the ability to talk where formerly I simply used "words without reason." I can never thank Jordan enough for giving me the secret of how to win the ability to talk where formerly I simply used "words without reason." I can never thank Jordan enough for giving me the secret of how to win the ability to talk where formerly I simply used "words without reason."

SEND NO MONEY.

So confident are the Standard Art Book Co., Ltd., publishers of "Mastery of Speech," Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking, that they offer you the opportunity to see in your own home how you can, in one hour, learn the secret of speaking, and how you can apply the principles of Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking, that they are willing to send you the Course for free examination.

Do not spend any money. Merely write a letter and the complete Course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within three days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have taken the Course, send only 30s. in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so write now before the introductory price is withdrawn. £5,000 men and women have learned Dr. Law's course during the last three months.

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Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, APRIL 15, 1919.

PAST OR FUTURE?

THE Prime Minister's return from Paris is another "flying visit," for the purpose of composing the disturbed consciences of those members of the House of Commons who want a peaceful Easter, without worry about the "pledges" they gave their constituents.

But these anxious politicians cannot very easily be sent off happy, unless the Prime Minister reveals to them practically the whole of the peace terms. And that he cannot do; since the Big Four have lately been breaking another of the Fourteen Points by arranging for secret Covenants secretly arrived at. And it appears that none of the peoples—certainly not the German people—are to know anything of the peace until they see it, and like it, or lump it, as the case may be.

That being the perhaps unavoidable result of the Conference's deliberations, it will only be possible for Mr. Lloyd George to throw general reassurances to the hungry expectants to-morrow. Frankly, we hope he will not worry too much about them all. It was through worrying too much about all of them at the election that he found himself with a Government backed by a huge majority which is divided within itself. We should now like to see him select from that false majority a true body of supporters willing to go with him on the path towards the future, instead of lingering over the prospect of past things.

Mr. Lloyd George can stand by himself whenever he believes in himself. So, now, in the choice between past and future, may he choose future boldly, and let the past look after itself and its majority in the House of Commons!

In that sense, he will hint—if he can do no more—that he at least is going to continue the fine work he and Wilson have begun in Paris: a permanent settlement, no vindictive terms, no seeds of future conflict, a bold labour policy, no more war with Russia.

There are reactionaries—preachers of the past—who hate all these things. Let them go. We shall then see whether the country, at the next election, prefers them and the past to Mr. Lloyd George and the future.

THEY CAN'T SPEAK!

MANY very clever modern actors hold that "it is all nonsense" to regret the great dead players.

Their "method" was different from ours. It was an obsolete declamatory method. They ranted. They spouted. They would have been intolerable to our modern taste. Mrs. Siddons, as Lady Macbeth, thrilled her generation. She would have made us laugh. Garrick would have been absurd, in his wig, as Macbeth. Kean, as Richard III., would have seemed an eccentric, a lunatic.

Really? But one thing at least these old actors evidently could do. They could speak. They could be heard. Above all, they were accustomed to verse—to Shakespeare's lines. Instead of mumbling them, slurring them, gabbling them, chopping them up as prose, they spoke them out. Frankly, we prefer rant to mumble.

Recent Shakespearean revivals—may we call them exhibitions?—have shown that more speech is nearly a lost art to-day. Forbes-Robertson was one of the last actors who could utter a line of poetry. And, just lately, Ellen Terry's return to the stage has shown the public, if not the young actors, what the modern actor lacks—when he tries not to be modern. He lacks the power of speech, without which all the rest is of no value.

W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Trust that man in nothing who has not a conscience in everything.—*Laurence Sterne.*

PROFITEERING IN PRAMS: A COMPLAINT

WHAT CAN MIDDLE-CLASS MOTHERS DO ABOUT IT?

By ONE OF THEM.

WILL somebody who knows something of the trade tell the women of this country why the necessary baby-carriage, in which our little ones must take the spring-time air, are now as costly as a pony-cart or a governess-car was before the war?

We are asked twenty pounds—or even more—for a full-sized twin bassinet, to say nothing of the sun-canopy and other extras.

If we want a mere toy affair—the thing in which our tiny daughter wheels her dollies abroad—the price demanded equals that of an ordinary perambulator for baby in 1914. You can pay £5 for dolly's carriage, and nearly twice as much for an infant's mail-cart—unless you are content to accept an in-

ferior article of poor coach-work, rubbishy tyres and wheels that soon shatter to bits.

What is the middle-class mother to do? She can get a pram for two children for ten or twelve pounds; but she is warned (by a first-class dealer) that it is "not of the best." And is there anything so maddening as the "cheap" baby-carriage—especially on gritty suburban and country roads? Such a pram gets shabby in a week or two, and shames a mother's pride—the pride that delights in dainty frocks and legitimate display of a pretty baby.

Some dealers will tell you they have no prams in stock at all. "We can't get them," they protest. "They're as unobtainable as mousetraps."

But the matter is really no joke for us women. What has happened to the makers of the baby-carriage? Were their coach-workers and designers, their wheelwrights and turners employed upon munitions of war? And, if so, have these men resumed their gentler calling, for the sake of the mothers and babies of Britain?

A friend advised me to advertise my needs in the "Agony Column" of a morning newspaper, surely an appropriate place for such an appeal at such a time!

Well, I did advertise—and I got one reply! The price was twelve guineas.

It was a carriage of first-class make, and was said to have had but little wear. The lady vendor was "going abroad." Many of us have cause to know that lady; she sells everything, from pianos to layettes, as every student of the advertisements knows.

But I was at my wits' end for a pram for my twinnies in these April days. Moreover, there might be genuine types of the lady—one for twin infants.

I hated the idea of a second-hand pram, for fear of infection, and the like. But what was I to do? I couldn't afford £20 or £25 for a good new one. I grew weary of trying the big stores, and regular tradesmen. All of them had the same story about the "famine" in these goods, and the doubling and trebling of values by the manufacturers.

TWELVE GUINEAS!

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MORE TAX SUGGESTIONS.

HOW TO MAKE EVERY WORKER CONTRIBUTE HIS SHARE.

INCOME TAX FOR MANUAL WORKERS.

AS we shall all share the blessing of victory, surely we are all willing to help pay our share of the cost, according to our income.

I therefore urge that a graduated tax should be imposed on earnings by all manual and other workers (not in receipt of regular wages) by means of a stamped receipt, the cost of such stamp to be borne by the recipient, and make both employer and worker liable to penalties for evasion; the receipt to apply to casual workers as well as to regular employees.

The peculiarity of our workers is that they never seem to object to a small deduction, but when it is multiplied by thirteen as in the case of the present system of quarterly collections of income tax, their complaints are loud and prolonged.

In my own small corner of the business world I hear of many workers who escape the quarterly collections, and this, I believe, is well known to the authorities.

It is my opinion that any worker who receives, say, not less than £2 for services rendered, could afford and would without complaint pay a trifling tax towards the cost of the war. The tax should be graduated according to the amount received.

The man in the street and everyone else, except a "select few," are agreed that the richer a man, the more he should pay in proportion to his income, therefore this principle is equally fair to our workers.

I am sure that our Treasury actuaries could evolve a stamp tax scale that could be borne so easily as to be almost unnoticeable, and would bring in an enormous revenue at little expense to the State. I know that the proposal means more trouble to the employer, but as so many employers and business men have advocated this stamp tax during the last few years I feel that at any rate the majority would accept the duties with pleasure, as they realise what a benefit it would mean to the State.

Perhaps, however, they are all mistaken; if so, will some kind official tell us why?

FORTY YEARS IN BUSINESS.

THE BACHELOR TAX.

IN all this talk about bachelor tax no one appears to remember that had some of us been on munition work we could have been married comfortably by now, with cash in hand. But because we volunteered to fight (not dress in khaki and call ourselves soldiers) and did not receive sufficient pocket money, after being the lowest paid of our British Army, I suppose we shall receive further ingratitude by being taxed.

My sympathy is for the single volunteers—England's most inexpensive soldier!

INFANTRYMAN WHO FOUGHT.

TO tax bachelors is to interfere with the liberty of a particular section of the community.

The fact should not be overlooked that there are a very considerable number of girls who are earning such competent salaries that they would become losers financially by getting married. Not being dense, however, they have no intention of sacrificing their independence, with ample supply of pocket money, to get married and become household drudges with little or no pocket money.

I believe that there are thousands waiting to get married, but cannot as they are unable to find houses to live in.

Again, furniture costs at least three times the amount that it used to, so that a man who in the past made the venture when he had saved £100 to £150, now finds that he requires at least £300 to £450 before he can make the start.

Still, these are cases where there is no excuse, so tax the poor devils! When a man is down, the usual thing to do is to kick him!

SURBITON. ANOTHER BACHELOR.

LONG ENGAGEMENTS.

I THOROUGHLY agree that long engagements are a great mistake. If two people are sufficiently sure of themselves to become engaged, are they not, then, equally ready to become man and wife?

Often, too, the girl who insists that she won't marry until the man is in receipt of an income which it will take perhaps years to acquire, forgets that, although to marry on absolutely nothing is folly, it is very apt to cause a man to become morose, selfish and perhaps ruin his health. If he is obliged to eternally "grind" simply to satisfy the lady's idea of what is sufficient to marry on.

I think that if girls would remember that it is much better for young people to choose a comfortable, sensible home, consisting only of absolute necessities and then to add afterwards as things improve, and as they are able, either as bent, more happy homes would be found.

Things added like this make the little home all the more dear to its owners, and probably would not have to be obtained through denial on either's part.

E. A. T.

IN MY GARDEN.

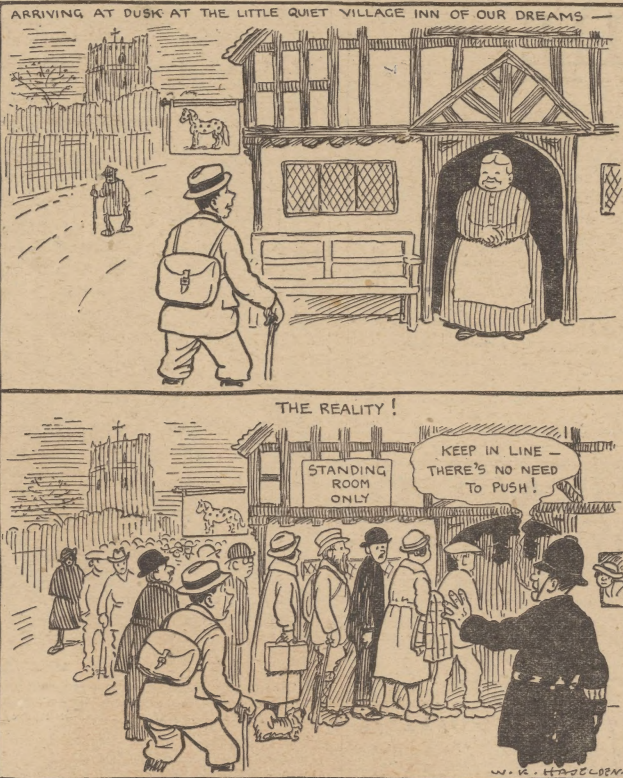
APRIL 14.—Cabbages planted last autumn are now growing quickly. Keep the soil well stirred between the rows and dig in an occasional dusting of soot. Reserve plants may be set out.

To make sure of a continuous supply of lettuce until the end of the season, a few short rows should be sown at intervals of a fortnight. Thin out the young plants in good time and set out the thinnings between the rows of peas, or on the banks of the celery trench.

Directly peas and beans come through the soil use the hoe freely, so as to keep down weeds and promote healthy growth.

E. F. T.

THIS WEEK'S "QUIET HOLIDAY" FOR EASTER.—No. 2.



One imagines the little lonely inn—very comfortable. Alas! Where can one be alone in these days?—(By W. K. Haselden.)

ferior article of poor coach-work, rubbishy tyres and wheels that soon shatter to bits.

What is the middle-class mother to do?

She can get a pram for two children for ten or twelve pounds; but she is warned (by a first-class dealer) that it is "not of the best." And is there anything so maddening as the "cheap" baby-carriage—especially on gritty suburban and country roads? Such a pram gets shabby in a week or two, and shames a mother's pride—the pride that delights in dainty frocks and legitimate display of a pretty baby.

Some dealers will tell you they have no prams in stock at all. "We can't get them," they protest. "They're as unobtainable as mousetraps."

But the matter is really no joke for us women. What has happened to the makers of the baby-carriage? Were their coach-workers and designers, their wheelwrights and turners employed upon munitions of war? And, if so, have these men resumed their gentler calling, for the sake of the mothers and babies of Britain?

A friend advised me to advertise my needs in the "Agony Column" of a morning newspaper, surely an appropriate place for such an appeal at such a time!

who really was "going abroad," and whose bargain was really "as advertised." In this case, hers was a far-off country address, a place it would have cost pounds to visit, with a view to inspection.

Against my husband's counsel I sent off a cheque. And it came back to me a week later.

It seems the lady, in turn, had advertised her baby carriage at fifteen guineas! She was deluged with replies, she told me, with satisfaction in every line of her letter. Persons of title wanted a pram. So did women who lived in castles and manors, in Ireland and Scotland, as well as all over England, from Carlisle to Exeter.

Ten cheques for fifteen guineas each had been received by that lady from people who had never seen the thing, and she was quite plaintive about "the clerical labour involved in returning them." I was too late, she assured me—although, manifestly, it was I who had prompted her to advertise and get a better price.

The rush for her twin pram—which I quite believe—shows how scarce and costly these carriages are. It is surely one of the strangest portents of our time.

There seems to be no lack of pearl necklaces and costly dance-frocks.

But babies' prams—!



TARANTULLE

THE QUALITY COTTON FABRIC FOR HOME-SEWN LINGERIE AND BABY WEAR

Imagine your hand-sewn underwear in all the purity and refinement of Tarantulle. Think of it coming every week from the wash with never a disappointment. The superior cotton used by Tootals enables them to guarantee that Tarantulle will satisfy you absolutely. See Name on selvage.

40 inches wide, in Three Weights, Standard 2/9, Fine 3/3, Superfine 3/9 per yard.

PATTERNS FREE ON REQUEST

also of Tobralco, Tootal Pique, Tootal Shirting, and Namit—the Indelible Voile. Simply write stating which you desire, to TOOTALS, Dept. C20, 32, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.

TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE CO. LTD.,
Manufacturers of the Tootal Guaranteed Fabrics.

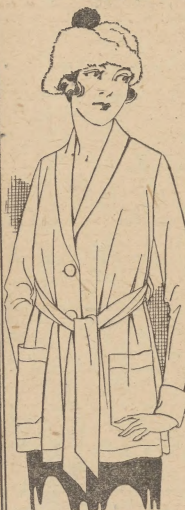


Your draper can tell you that dress materials made of high-grade cottons cannot be reduced in price this season.

Reduction in price would compel reduction in quality. The quality of Tootal Guaranteed Fabrics is always maintained at its well-known pre-war standard of value and service.

C196

ARDING & HOBBS SILK - FINISHED JERSEY



19/11

IDEAL
FOR
EASTER

—This Season's Smartest Production—a silk finished Golf Jersey, long roll collar, patch pockets and sash. Full fashion at the keenest price in London.

19/11

Postage 6d. extra.

IT CAN BE OBTAINED IN ALL THESE SMART

COLORS:
Rose, Sky, Lime,
Putty, Grey, and
Navy.

Every Coat is guaranteed to give full satisfaction or the money is cheerfully refunded.

Open all day Wednesday and Saturday.

For the benefit of customers living at a distance we have made special arrangements for dealing with Post Orders. To avoid delay please state colour and enclose full remittance.

POST YOUR ORDER TO-DAY.
ARDING & HOBBS LTD.,
Clapham Junction, London, S.W. 11.
Battersea 4.

HEALTHY WOMEN

must wear "healthy" corsets, and the "Natural Ease Corset" is the most healthy of all. Every wearer says so. While moulding the figure to the most delicate lines of feminine grace, they vastly improve the health.

THE
CORSET
OF
HEALTH.



The Natural
Ease Corset
Style 2.

8/11 pair

Postage abroad extra.

Complete with
Special, Detachable
Suspenders.

Stocked in
all sizes
from 20
to 30. Made in
finest quality Drill.

SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST

No bones or steels to drag, hurt, or break. No lacing at the back. Made of strong, durable drill of finest quality, with special suspenders, detachable for washing purposes. It is laced at the sides with elastic cord to expand freely when breathing.

It has a short (9 inch) bust in front which ensures a perfect shape, and is fastened at the top and bottom with non-irritating Hooks and Eyes.

It can be easily washed at home, having nothing to rust or tarnish.

Wear the "NATURAL EASE" Corset and free yourself from Indigestion, Constipation, and scores of other ailments so distressful to Women.

These Corsets are specially recommended for ladies who enjoy cycling, tennis, dancing, golf, etc., as there is nothing to hurt or break. Singers, Actresses and Invalids will find wonderful assistance, as they enable them to breathe with perfect freedom. All women, especially housewives, and those employed in occupations demanding constant movement, appreciate the "Natural Ease" Corsets. They yield freely to every movement of the body, and whilst giving beauty of figure are the most comfortable Corsets ever worn.

SEND FOR YOURS TO-DAY.

No goods sent without cash, but money willingly returned if dissatisfied.

Catalogue sent with Corsets.

Cross your Postal Orders and make payable to the HEALTH CORSET COMPANY,

Dept. 7,
19/23, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. 4.

IS YOUR HAIR FULL OF "SUNSHINE"?

Try This Experiment at Your Dressing Table.

1,000,000 "Harlene Hair-Drill" Liquid Sunshine Gifts.

HERE is an experiment that will tell you if your hair is really healthy.

Stand before a window and hold up a mirror so that your head is between the mirror and the light. Then look at the reflection of your hair in the mirror. Is it full of light or is it dull?

If dull, without radiance, then you need to look to your hair. You should apply at once for one of the 1,000,000 "Harlene" Liquid Sunshine - of-Health-for-the-Hair Gifts now being distributed free of cost to

Jene Hair-Drill" Outfit that will be sent to you simply for the asking. They are:

(1)—A TRIAL BOTTLE OF HARLENE—the hair-health dressing with the largest sale in the world, because of its extraordinary hair-growing and beautifying properties. Within from three to seven days it makes the hair full of "life." Test this in your own dressing-table mirror.

(2)—A PACKET OF "CREMEX" SHAMPOO POWDER. This is an antiseptic purifier of the hair and scalp. It takes away the musty odour of hair that is out of order by clearing away all decaying scurf, etc. After use the hair is sweet and fragrant with a most delicate perfume.

(3)—A TRIAL BOTTLE OF "UZON" BRILLIANTINE, which protects the hair against damp and extremes of heat and cold, and is especially beneficial in cases where the scalp is inclined to be "dry."

(4)—The illustrated INSTRUCTION BOOK of "Harlene Hair-Drill," which gives you the secrets of hair-health and beauty as revealed by the world's leading authority on the hair—secrets which your knowledge and use of will cultivate and preserve a splendid head of hair for the whole of your life.

ALL 4 GIVEN FREE TO

YOU.

You pay not a penny for all these four prime aids to the health and beauty of your hair. You send only 4d. stamps for packing and postage to your address.

Your acceptance of this Quadruple Gift will introduce to you the four greatest friends for your hair—friends whose influence upon the healthy growth and enchanting colour and radiance of your hair you will appreciate with satisfaction and delight.

Your use of "Harlene" according to the revealed secrets of "Harlene Hair-Drill" will be a daily delight. It acts as "The Wine of Hair Health and Beauty." It will endow your hair with new life, and colour and radiance. "Harlene" makes your hair as fragrant as a rose, free from the all-too-common "hair odour." Instead of feeling heavy and clammy, the influence of "Harlene" makes it light and lissome and fairy-like to the view and touch—a vision of delight to the eyes of others and as fragrant as wild honeysuckle.



A HEALTH AND BEAUTY "TEST" FOR YOUR HAIR.
Read this article for instructions for an interesting test to see if your hair is full of "The Sunshine of Health."

all who would like to cultivate healthy and beautifully radiant heads of hair.

For every truly healthy head of hair displays a halo-like radiance, no matter what the colour—fair, brunette, or black.

The hair that looks dull and lustreless lacks its chief charm. It is all too likely that it is "lifeless," and without elasticity. It hangs limp and lacks the enchanting curl or wave that imparts "the curve of beauty" to the hair.

4 PRIME AIDS TO HAIR HEALTH AND BEAUTY—FREE.

Yet the hair is of all parts of the body the most responsive to proper health-cultural conditions.

Write for one of the 1,000,000 Presentation "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfits and see how marvelously quickly your hair will pick up health and beauty.

There are four prime aids to the health and beauty of your hair in the Presentation "Har-

The Complete Outfit.



"HARLENE" GIFT COUPON

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd.,

20, 22, 24 & 26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C. 1
Dear Sirs, Please send me your free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-growing Outfit as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address. Daily Mirror, 15/4/19.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

HOW TO MAKE FARM LIFE POPULAR.

EARLY TRAINING AND MORE HOLIDAYS ESSENTIAL.

By S. L. BENSUNAN.

The author's long study of rural conditions makes his views on this important subject peculiarly interesting.

EVERYBODY who takes an interest in questions affecting England is regretting the bad condition of the English countryside.

The labourer tends to disappear; indeed, throughout Great Britain, the Dominions and the Dependencies there are less than fourteen million white men and women engaged in agriculture, while in Germany alone before the war there were twenty millions.

On the one hand we find that returning soldiers who were born in towns wish to settle down in the country, while those who were born and bred in the country wish to settle in towns.

The national problem, apart from the question of giving the farmer a price for his produce that will enable him to keep plenty of properly paid labour on the farm, is to train the young for land service.

How is it to be done? How are we to keep in the country the sturdy boys who were born there, and how are we to attract to their side the town-bred lads whose heads are better developed than their muscles?

DANISH AND SCOTTISH METHODS.

For some time past the question has been before those who are interested in rural problems, and in two counties at least, Cambridge and Lincolnshire, the "manual method," which introduces handwork into the curriculum, has greatly improved the mental capacity of boys and girls alike.

Now it is suggested that boys up to the age of eighteen who are working on farms should attend technical classes on two afternoons in the week. It would give them a welcome change, they would become more efficient workers, and, save in laytime and harvest, the farmer could spare them without serious inconvenience.

It has been pointed out that in Denmark the farm lad's tuition does not stop until he is eighteen, while in Scotland he gets an afternoon off every week.

Danish and Scottish farmers who would change their staff for the staff of their average English competitor have yet to be discovered.

To attract the urban lad to the country it is perhaps best to capture him young and send him to dairy farm, market garden, glasshouses or small holding near London, where he will be taught not only the thing that has to be done, but the reason for the doing.

He must be paid as soon as he is worth a wage, in the neighbourhood of big towns he should take money from the start, and he should be enabled to grasp the principles that make for success.

There are thousands of lads in our City offices who will never rise to independence in a town, but might find in the country a field for their natural aptitude.

TWO BUSY SEASONS.

To train the country lad to the point of turning his physique to the best account and to teach the town lad to give a trained attention to the land is to direct to rural England a constant stream of the best material, physical and mental.

We have also to learn that the time-honoured saying: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," applies to the country as well as to the town.

There are two seasons when holidays are impossible—they are, haying and harvest. Then every hour is precious, for the farmer is working not only against time, but against weather. Apart from these special periods, the weekly half-holiday should be the rule, not only for the boys but for the men.

That there are difficulties in the way is obvious to every practical farmer or farm-hand. Horses and cattle and pigs must be fed, cows must be milked, but all the work can be arranged if there is goodwill behind the organisation. A playing-field for late spring, summer and autumn, together with a clubroom for the winter, would be centres of attraction that would help not only to hold men on the land but to draw others to it.

Of old time, when there were no railroads to carry folk and no daily newspapers to penetrate to the most remote rural areas men and boys stayed on the land because they had no choice.

To-day everybody who employs labour must understand the change that has come and prepare without delay to meet it.

IF MR. HAWKER'S ENGINE SHOULD STOP!

SAFETY PRECAUTIONS THE ATLANTIC FLYERS TAKE.

By CLIFFORD HOSKEN.

THERE is an old story about that dear old lady who always figures in anecdotes. She was taken for the first time to see an aeroplane fly.

After a long explanation as to how the machine "worked" she remarked, calmly: "There is only one thing I don't quite understand. Suppose the engine were to stop when the brave young man was flying. How could he ever get down?"

Well, most of us want to know what is going to happen to the brave young men who are about to attempt the Atlantic flight, if their engines stop.

In the case of Mr. Harry Hawker and his plucky companion in the Sopwith Atlantic, if the engine stopped at 10,000ft. altitude it would take him just about twelve minutes to get down in comfort.

He would glide at an angle of one in six and would descend at a speed of about fifty miles an hour, and could reach the Atlantic waves somewhere about twelve miles away from the spot over which he started the glide.

Then the trouble would really start.

During the whole time of the descent wireless messages would have been screaming out

S.O.S. calls to every ship or station within a radius of eighty miles. These messages would give as accurately as possible the position of the plane-wrecked airmen.

Arrived on the surface the machine would float for a while and both pilot and navigator would proceed to launch a small but seaworthy collapsible boat they carry with them.

In this boat are rations and paddles and signal flares for attracting the attention of neighbouring ships.

If this boat fail them then both aviators must trust to their patent nontankable suits which they wear.

The Sopwith Atlantic is not a seaplane. She is an ordinary land machine, with a two-wheeled under-carriage, so that once she has started everything depends upon her engine to bring her and her two passengers safely to Brooklands, for it is there that Mr. Hawker hopes to make his first landing.

And if the Atlantic arrives safely there, a very skillful landing will have to be made, for it is proposed to throw away the wheels as soon as the machine has started. They offer too much wind resistance.

So when Mr. Hawker does come down he is bound to "crash" in a mild way. He will have to "pancake" the last couple of feet and drop as gently as he can on to the aerodrome.

And we all hope, as he hopes, that until shortly before that moment his engine will not stop.

And if that be so, that engine will have done just about 2,000,000 revolutions.



HEROIC MAYOR.—M. Odent, the Mayor of Senlis, who was shot by the Germans, has just been laid to rest in the family vault, and the photograph shows the scene during the service.

MORE SYMPATHETIC ELDER SISTERS.

THE PASSING OF "THE DRAGON OF THE FAMILY."

By "CINDERELLA."

THERE is a great deal more sympathy nowadays between the elder and younger sisters in families.

In the mid-Victorian days it was a common thing for the elder sister to tyrannise with a rod of iron over the later arrivals, and to earn the nickname of "Dragon."

Mothers of to-day are now rejoicing over the fact that their little ones no longer dread the "big" sister, who in some cases was perhaps eight or ten years their senior. "Cinderella" in the family household is no more.

Mildred, of twenty-six, and Violet, of sixteen, are great pals. They do everything together, and they understand one another perfectly.

Mildred has taught Violet tennis, and the younger sister has taught the elder the latest steps in the "Jazz" and the Fox-trot. They go to dances together, and instead of Violet being told that she is far too precocious, and that her manner of walking, laughing, talking and dancing is quite wrong—as the "Dragon" of old had a fond way of doing—they are happy in one another's company and share one another's joys.

Violet has her own particular style of dressing, and is not dependent, as of old, on Mildred's "cut-down" frocks of last year.

The elder sister now takes a great interest in the love affairs of the younger sister, and instead of scoffing and being far too bored to listen to such "rubbish," she encourages such confidences and gives sound advice when needed.

"I regarded with terror," a married friend

told me the other day, "my elder sister, who was not more than ten years my senior. I was pulled up for the slightest little mistake in etiquette, snubbed in public, and scolded wholeheartedly in private for mere innocent childish offences. In fact, everything I did was wrong. I 'fagged' for my elder sister in every respect for years, but no word of praise or encouragement ever escaped her lips.

Actually, when I was about to get married, I remember this sister taking it upon herself to supervise the buying of my trousseau, and being very annoyed because I had dared to buy one gown on my own initiative.

I feared her far more than my own mother. And even now, when my sister comes on a visit, her eagle eye finds fault with the way in which I arrange my rooms, or with my manner of dressing, and particularly with regard to the happy companionship which exists between my eldest girl, who is twenty-eight, and her youngest sister, who has just turned seventeen.

This she cannot understand. She does not realise that it was because my life was made such a misery, by her incessant fault-finding, that I determined my own children should not grow up to look upon their elder sister as the "dragon," but look upon her as a "pal," and to confide in her all their secret joys and sorrows.

So good-bye to the "dragon"—the "kill-joy" of the family.

Surely this is a better relationship for sisters to be in than the old mid-Victorian way, which spelt so much trouble and back-biting in families.

Let there be sympathy and understanding between sisters—and brothers—and you will find that the generations of the future will face life with a wider and broader outlook, and not be tyrannised and under-rated by the "dragon" of the family.

EASTER IN THE BYWAYS AND LANES.

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR A BICYCLING HOLIDAY.

By MOLLIE KENNEDY.

A cheap and pleasant form of holiday, away from the rush of trains and motor-cars, is outlined in this article.

IN these days of expensive railway travelling and discomfort a bicycle may become a boon and a blessing, and a means of obtaining a pleasant holiday very cheaply. A three-days' tour along the Fosse way and some of the leafy lanes of Warwickshire I shall never forget.

Here are a few tips for the holiday-maker who would have an enjoyable time at small expense. I am writing more for the woman cyclist, but some of the hints may be applicable for those of the other sex.

To well oil and overhaul one's machine goes without saying, but care should also be taken to see that the repair outfit is well equipped. Map out your route, and fix on a "half-way house."

Make up a parcel of clean linen and other requirements, address this to yourself care of the post-office, mark it "To be called for," and you are then partly independent of luggage.

I and a girl friend, who followed this plan, found the following ample for our needs: a clean blouse each, a complete change of under-linen, pocket-handkerchiefs, stockings, caddies and ends of neckwear, a sheet of brown paper, an addressed label, string, stamps and a packet of hairpins.

CLOTHES AND LUGGAGE.

It was delightful to be able to travel with less luggage and to indulge in a complete change midway on our holiday tour.

We each wore a tweed skirt, a cotton crepe blouse and a woollen jumper for cycling, but we carried with us a serge skirt in case of heavy showers, into which we could change if we got wet through. We also took oilskins rolled up on our handle-bars.

Behind us on the luggage carrier we each had a parcel containing sleeping attire, brush and comb, toothbrush, and so on, the parcel being done up in a cardboard case, for which we made a holland cover. No dust penetrates if this small precaution is taken.

We each had a clean blouse in here, a pair of felt slippers, stockings, a "hussif" containing needles, thread, a small pair of scissors, safety pins and the like, so that in the event of an accident and torn clothing we would be able to make good any tears.

A button-hook, penknife, a small first-aid outfit, old linen, just a little in case we had a bad spill (for one never knows) and a tiny flask of brandy were taken in one parcel, and in the other pot toilet creams, powder, cotton-wool, a collapsible drinking-cup and the sponge-bags of rubber in which our separate sponges reposed.

We also took with us boracic powder, a small pot of lanoline and four small face towels. The boracic powder is excellent for dusting on the feet each day, as they then get less tired pedalling, and the face towels are an idea of my own.

DON'T DO TOO MUCH.

I shall never forget the sight of a towel once when I had inadvertently wiped my face upon it after a long cycle ride. Landladies will bless the thoughtfulness of guests who thus spare their best guest-room towels the dust gathered along the roads.

By the way, a small piece of cotton-wool placed between the instep and shoeleaves is a little thing that should not be forgotten. This will prevent that miserable ache across the instep which sometimes results when you cycle a long distance, after being out of practice for some time.

Another thing to note is to grade your distances carefully, if you are out of practice. Allow a much shorter journey the first day than for that following. It pays.

A map of the district you intend to explore should be carried, but if you are wise you will not sternly adhere to any set plan, but will turn off at any interesting place.

The byways of England are far more interesting than the highways.

Do not forget, in these days, to take ration books, and, if wise, you will carry a cycle basket on your handles, in which tea, sugar, your pat of butter, and anything else you need, can be carried.

By travelling very light and sending everything ahead as far as possible one can even carry a tea-making outfit, and your companion the biscuits, sandwiches or cake, sufficient for a wayside meal.

A picnic in primrose woods just now is delightful, so long as April showers are stayed.

MME. BERNHARDT A WITNESS AT STAGE WEDDING.

J 5 FOR



Mme. Sarah Bernhardt arriving for the ceremony in a stretcher-chair.



The bride and bridegroom during the ceremony.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt was a witness at the marriage in Paris of M. Sacha Guitry and Mme. Yvonne Vigniolle (Yvonne Printemps), who has played many

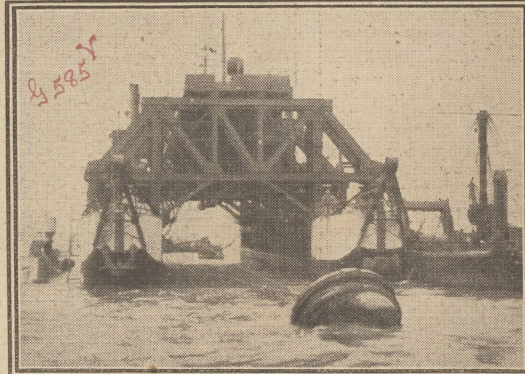
parts in the plays written by her husband. The bridegroom is a brother of M. Lucien Guitry, the famous actor, and has himself appeared on the stage.



The bride's two little trainbearers.



BABY ARTIST.—Helen Williams, aged two, of Swansea, shows wonderful talent for drawing. Two of her sketches attracted attention at the Royal Drawing Society's Exhibition.



SURRENDERED TO THE BRITISH.—A mobile craft which was used by the Germans for raising U-boats in shallow waters. The photograph was taken at Harwich.



Bride and bridegroom after the ceremony.

AN IRISH WEDDING.—Major Harold Parsons, M.C., R.E., and Miss Irene Hall-Dare were married at Thomastown Church.



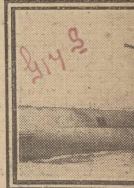
FRENCH ACTRESS FOR LONDON REVUE.—Mlle. Odette Myrtil, who appeared in "The Officers' Mess" at the Prince's Theatre, will play a leading part in a new revue, which is to be produced very shortly.



Lady Lansdowne, who is closing her hospital at Bowood. It was opened early in the war.



Lieut.-Col. E. J. Newitt, one of the oldest Volunteers, who has died. He was on Southend Council.



Australia is to have marine. A gun on



BLUE GABARDINE arranged in two and cuff



THE WORLD'S B er, San Florenti

AUSTRALIA

ONE-LEGGED SOLDIERS SHOW WONDERFUL AGILITY.

a late type of sub-
n be seen mounted
er.



Quite a respectable high jump for a one-legged man.

A school for soldiers who were seriously disabled during the war has been established at Ettlingen, near Karlsruhe, Germany. A feature of the curricu-



Hopping on to the parade ground, where they do exercises with Indian clubs.

lum is physical exercises, and it is wonderful what the men who have lost a leg can do. They appear to be independent of crutches.



HAVE YOU ANY OLD MATS TO SPARE?—If so, please send them to St. Dunstan's Hostel, where the blind men are being taught to repair them. It is work they soon do skilfully.



CLERGYMAN'S DEMAND.—The Rev. C. H. S. Matthews, of St. Peter's, Thanet, who declines to open a second church in the parish until he receives a living wage.



MEDAL FOR JERO'S SON.—The Mayor of Swansea decorating Ronald Cordon, son of the late Sergeant Cordon, M.M., with the D.C.M. The gallant soldier was killed three days after winning the decoration.



Capt. Sir Basil Brooke, M.C., to marry. Cynthia, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Sergi.



Maj. Gen. William Fry, the newly-appointed Governor-General of the Isle of Man.



COACHING REVIVED.—Mr. Harry Walter put his first coach on the road on Saturday, his journey being from Piccadilly to the Greyhound, Richmond, which dates back to 1492. Many people think coaching beats motoring.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.—Miss Phyllis Titmuss, now playing in "Tails Up." She is introducing some new numbers this week.

self-trimming is
borders the collar
waist-line.

SHIP.—The steam-
which was built at

The ANTISEPTIC HAIR-WASH

IN addition to unique cleansing and vitalising qualities, Ven-Yusa Shampoo Powders have a great antiseptic property, which renders the scalp and hair immune from germs and other disease carriers.

Long after you have had a Ven-Yusa Shampoo, the hair retains this antiseptic protection. Thus you may go about your business without fear of the floating infection that users of cheap Shampoo Powders have to encounter.

Another point! Ven-Yusa Shampoo Powders are guaranteed free from soda or other free alkalis. They do not rob the hair of its natural oil.

On the contrary, Ven-Yusa Shampoos supply the nourishment and stimulation necessary to bring out and preserve the natural colour, lustre, and rich luxuriance which make the hair so attractive.



A Ven-Yusa Shampoo is indispensable to the business girl who would have thick, healthy hair.

HOW SOLD. Obtainable of all chemists, general stores, hair-dressers and fruiterers, or direct from the Proprietors—C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds—at 3d. per packet, or 1s. 6d. per packet of seven, without any additional charge for return postage. Order direct if any difficulty in obtaining locally.

It is quite Easy to make perfect cakes if you use **"Cake Royal"** MAKES PERFECT CAKES
Easily!—Quickly!—Cheaply!
Contains all the necessary Sweetening, Flavouring & Raising properties
Costs only 9d. per packet.

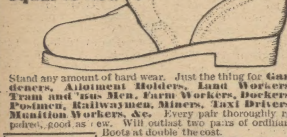
Try **M.P.**—an equally fine cake maker, also also

If any difficulty in obtaining, write to—
J. & J. BEAULAH, Ltd.
BOSTON, England.



ARMY BOOTS
BEST GOVERNMENT LEATHER

9/6
EVERY PAIR
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L.B.—Write and come home. M.
VERY sad eight years ago this month. 'Norah.
GILBEAM—Make arrangements to meet. Jack. Urgent.
UNCHANGEABLE—It could take initiative, speak when see, or write; would reassure unchanged toujours.
SARAH ANN RICHARDSON deceased—Anyone having the custody of the Will of Mrs. Sarah Ann Richardson, formerly of the Washington Hotel, Guilford-street, Russell-square, London, and late of the Kingsway Hotel, Guilford-street, Haverhill, Widow, who died on the 18th of March, 1919, are requested to communicate with Messrs. and Messrs. Solicitors, Long Station, Lincolnshire.
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REQUIRED £25 for literary enterprise. Magnificent return. Scholar, 19, Ranelagh-villas, H. B.

MISSING SOLDIERS.

PTE. T. H. JOHNSON, 6th Dragoon Guards, missing since April 3. Any information, Miss J. Wren, 5, Orlough-lane, Beacon Tree Heath, Runcorn.
MRS. COOPER, 24, Broadway, Tilbury Docks, would be grateful for any information regarding her son, Pte. W. A. Cooper, No. 3275, 140th Brigade Sharpshooters, 1/15 Ldn. Hgt., Civil Service Rifles, missing since Sept. 15, 1916, High Wood, France.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

ALLIANCE OF HONOUR—GREAT MEETING, CENTRAL HALL, WESTMINSTER, MEN ONLY, TONIGHT, 7.30. Organ Recital and Solo. Members of all the Forces specially invited. **ADMISSION FREE.**

GARDENING.

HAND-PICKED seed Potatoes, early Edipae, early Epicure, early Express, 2s. 5d. 14lb.; 12s. cwt.; Duke of York 2s. 10d. 14lb.; King Edwards and Evergood 2s. 14lb.; 10s. cwt., including, under all crops, and soil, previous Potato Dealer, Upwell, Cambs.
WITCH'S Manure Co., Hereford, supply Garden and Allotment Manure, suits all crops and soils, prevents disease; 14lb. 3s. 6d.; 28lb. 6s.; carriage paid; lists free; Famous for 40 years.

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ALL ALIVE—A Sample package choice selected Fish, 7lb. Fish Co., Grimsby Docks.
FABIAN'S Kram-Khaysam Cigarettes, Amber-perfumed; delightful, mild aroma. Remindful of the Mysterious Charms. Visually and alluring sweetness of the rosettes East—for sample box call, or send P.O. stamps or cheques for 5s. 5d. (to 3275, 140th Brigade Sharpshooters, 1/15 Ldn. Hgt., Dept. D.M., 74 New Bond-st., London, W.)
FISH—Direct from the trawlers, from 5s. upwards; cleaned and carriage paid; satisfaction guaranteed.—Nepenthe Fish Supply Co., Grimsby Docks.
FISH of choice quality direct from the premier Port, cleaned for cooking, parcels 5s. each, carriage paid; Hotels, Institutions, Colleges, etc., supplied.—Live Fish Company, Grimsby Docks.
FISH—Parcels, carriage paid, direct from trawlers, from 5s.; cleaned for cooking; satisfaction guaranteed.—Elite Fish Supply Co., Grimsby Docks.
FAMS (Pleasant), 6/6 arg., mild, good flavour, 1s. lb. carr. paid.—Steward, 50, Vernon-st., Liverpool.



A new picture of Miss Sylvia Shakerley, daughter of Colonel Sir Walter Shakerley.



Miss Abney, second daughter of Sir William Abney, has been working in the censor's office.

RECONSTRUCTION.

Opposition to the Anti-Alien Bill—Some Curious Theatre Curtains.

"Reconstruction" is very much to the fore, and politicians are already discussing the possible reconstruction of the Ministry when peace is finally signed. Some of the elder statesmen are badly in need of rest, and only a high sense of duty has enabled them to carry on during these trying times. Mr. Balfour, Lord Milner and Lord Ernle are among those who would gladly doff harness

On Behalf of Hodge.

The Government is considering setting up a commission to do with regard to agriculture what the Sankey Commission is doing for the coal industry. But no decision has been come to yet.

A Whip.

I hear that Mr. J. W. Pratt may soon reap the reward of his labours as Government Whip by being made Parliamentary Secretary to the Scottish Ministry of Health. He is an indefatigable worker, and endeared himself to his chiefs still more by winning the Cathcart Division of Glasgow by a majority of over 11,000.

Reciprocity.

In political circles they say that the Government is negotiating with its Allies for reciprocal adjustment of tariffs. It is thought that possibly, after the introduction of the Budget, a Tariff Commission may be proposed.

Whitley Councils.

But the chief advisory work in framing tariffs will be done by the Whitley Councils of the trades concerned, or such of them as will undertake the work.

Guests of the Viceroy.

There have been several distinguished guests at the Viceregal Lodge since Lord French's return. Lord and Lady Decies, Admiral Sir Reginald Tupper and Commander Harrel stayed with the Viceroy for some days.

Not "Too Old."

Brigadier-General Pagan, who is one of the best-known figures at the Dublin Garrison, belies the tradition that a man is "too old at forty." Though forty-six, he is still an agile footballer, and is often to be seen playing at military tournaments in the Irish capital.

Those Honours.

A good many people are anxiously wondering whether the long-delayed New Year's honours list will be out this Easter, now that Mr. Lloyd George is back. Industrial peace was being waited for.

Our Aliens.

Though he is a supporter of the Government on general questions, Sir John Butcher will to-day be found hostile to the Aliens' Restriction Bill. This is not as terrible as it sounds, for the object of Sir John and those who think with him is to strengthen the hands of the Home Secretary. Here is the member for York.



Sir J. G. Butcher.

As the Bill stands, it is too permissive to suit some sections of the House; and provides that the Home Secretary "may" deal drastically with undesirable visitors to our shores. Those I speak of prefer "shall."

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

Explained.

The recent Army Command appointments excited some comment, because the recipients were designated "G.O.C.s" and not as formerly, "G.O.C.s-in-Chief." The mystery is explained by the fact that this week Sir Douglas Haig becomes Commander-in-Chief.

Army Council's Position.

Whether the Army Council will continue to exist under the new system appears doubtful. In any case, the office of Commander-in-Chief, last held by Lord Roberts, is restored, and, in the opinion of most soldiers, restored for the Army's benefit.

Lord Athlone Bombed.

The Queen's brother, Brigadier-General the Earl of Athlone, who was forty-five yesterday, was in charge of the British Mission with the Belgian Army when the war ended. His quarters were in an old-moated chateau, with special buildings at the back, and they were heavily bombed at times.

A Woman Administrator.

Miss Gertrude Bell, who has just been received by the Queen, is a daughter of Sir Hugh Bell, the great ironmaster. She has been doing valuable work at Bagdad in assisting Sir Percy Cox and others to create a civil administration for Mesopotamia.

And an Explorer.

Miss Bell knows more about Arabia than any woman living, and made a solitary and daring journey across Neufud just before the war. When at home her greatest happiness is to tend her beautiful rose garden at her father's seat at Rounton Grange.

A Young Politician.

Politics seem to run in the blood of the Runciman family. The other day young Leslie Runciman, son of Mr. Walter Runciman, who is still at Eton, proposed a vote of



Miss Finola Meeking, daughter of the late Capt. Meeking, is a particularly fine horsewoman.



Miss M. Eckman, who has been employed by the War Office Services at Richmond Red Cross Hospital.

thanks to Sir Mark Oldroyd at a Yorkshire demonstration. Now comes the news that he has secured the Loder and Alfred Lyttelton prizes and the Newcastle medal at Eton.

Editor, Too!

Last "half" Mr. Leslie Runciman edited the *Eton Review*, the boys' own organ, and next "half" he is to edit the *Eton Chronicle*, the semi-official paper. He will probably go in for political journalism as a career.

Anglo-American.

There was a small but distinguished gathering yesterday at the luncheon given by Alderman Sir Charles Wakefield to the Anglo-American Society and the Sulgrave Institution. The Lord Chancellor's speech was particularly happy.

His Excellency.

The speech of the American Ambassador glowed with appreciation of the glorious part played by Britain in the war. In a very significant sentence he said he felt it no breach of confidence to tell the gathering that there was and had been no difference of opinion between the American and British delegates in France.

Royalty at Queen's Club.

Prince Albert, Prince Henry and ex-King Manoel were at Queen's Club yesterday to see the final of the men's singles. At the end King Manoel walked across to P. M. Davson and congratulated him on his victory over the young Australian, G. L. Patterson.

Retiring.

The Earl of Jersey retires automatically from the senior stewardship in the Craven week at Newmarket. But for his tact it is very doubtful if we should have had any racing last year.

Brother Admirals.

Lieutenant Stephen King-Hall, who is marrying Miss Kathleen Spencer, from South Africa, at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, to-day, comes of one of the best-known naval families. Both his father, Sir George King-Hall, and his uncle, Sir Herbert King-Hall, are admirals, and both, by a further coincidence, are K.C.B.s.

From Pro. to Amateur.

Henceforth it will have to be "Mr. J. Sharp" in the Lancashire scoring sheets, for that well-known cricketer tells me that in future, he intends to help his old club strictly as an amateur. Mr. Sharp, however, will not be able to play "Soccer" as an amateur, for the inexorable rule in football is "once a pro. always a pro."

Now Savoy Play.

Next Monday at the Savoy we shall renew acquaintance with Mr. Augustus Yorke and Mr. Robert Leonard, who made us laugh so in "Potash and Perlmutter." The new piece is called "Business Before Pleasure," and the business of rehearsing it is now going on.



Mr. Augustus Yorke.

Unlucky 13.

Here you see Mr. Yorke, who, like most actors, is superstitious about the number "13." I remember that the production of "Potash and Perlmutter" was originally fixed for Easter Monday, 1914, but was postponed to the next evening when it was found that the date was April 13.

That Looking-Glass.

While the comments on the Albert de Courville's looking-glass curtain for his Looking-Glass Theatre display admirable erudition as to the glass curtain at the old Coburg, it is curious to see no mention of Collins' Music-Hall. Here, within the memory of many, there was a looking-glass "front cloth." So when Dan Leno was on the stage you saw two Dans.

Faithful.

Three Canadian officers made a point of attending the 100th and 200th performances of "The Man from Toronto." At the 300th only two booked seats, explaining that their comrade slept in France. Yesterday the surviving two turned up to book for the 400th performance, which is to-day.

The Coach Smile.

I went for a spin on Sunday with Mr. Harry Walter on his Remount coach, which is to be the first public coach on the road since the war. All the way from Prince's Restaurant to the Greyhound, Richmond, people smiled and waved a welcome to us. They looked glumly at the luxurious motor-cars and the rumbling motor-buses. Only the old coach made them smile.

Fought Jack Johnson.

A friend of Commander Kenworthy, the victor of Hull, tells me that he once had the gloves on with Jack Johnson at Plymouth. As at Hull, the heavy-weight champion of the Navy sprung a surprise on his opponent.

Medical Etiquette Relaxing?

I wonder what the General Medical Council would have said at one time to a doctor who advertised as follows in a lay paper: "Dr. (Major, R.A.M.C.F.) has been demobilised, and has resumed practice at (here follows the full address)."

And Bar Ditto.

Not that I am saying there is anything wrong in such notice, for circumstances seem to justify it. Moreover, I hear that "demobilised" barristers have received the Bar Council's permission to circularise solicitors to the effect that they have now exchanged the sword for the toga.

A Holiday Book.

One of the best books to take away at Easter is Mr. W. K. Haselden's *Daily Mirror Reflections*. You may renew your acquaintance with the amusing characters created by the artist for the small sum of a shilling—less than the entrance fee to a suburban jazz hall.

THE RAMBLER.



Youth!

IN Spring-time, when the lovely Earth decks herself in filmy, bridal array and all Youth is in sympathy with her sweet expectancy, the dainty woman's thoughts turn to the consideration of her personal appearance. Do you know that the acquisition of the most irresistible of womanly charms—a clear, fine complexion and a skin subtly soft and satin-smooth—lies in the lather of Colleen Soap?

Incomparable for the Complexion

McClinton's Colleen Soap

Use Colleen Soap (rubbing in gently with the tips of the fingers) exclusively for a fortnight and you will see your skin gradually taking on that finer texture, that delicacy and charm you so much desire.

McCLINTON'S Ltd. (Dept. B.A.), DONAGHMORE, TYRONE.



Viotto Handkerchief PERFUME

The Soul of the Violet

This celebrated perfume was originated by us and sold under the name "Otto of Violets," but it became so widely imitated that we protected our customers by registering the single word "Viotto." The genuine article is now only obtainable under the name "VIOTTO."

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, 2/8, 5/-, 9/6, 17/6 per bottle.

Wholesale: H. BROWNLEY and CO., LTD., LONDON, W. 3.

A FINE TREATMENT FOR CATARRH.

Easy to Make and Costs Little.

If you suffer from Catarrh, head noises, sore throat, asthma, or Hay Fever, here is a fine recipe that invariably effects a permanent cure after all other treatments have failed. Its effect in the worst cases is most striking and positive.

The Catarrhal poison is quickly driven from the system, and its tonic action immediately increases the vitality, which is always lowered by this insidious disease. From your chemist obtain 1oz. Parment (Double Strength); take this home, and add to it 1 pint of hot water and 2oz. of sugar or two dessertspoonsful of golden syrup or honey; stir until dissolved. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day.

The first dose promptly ends the most miserable headache, dullness, sneezing, sore throat, running of the nose, Catarrhal discharges, head noises, and other loathsome symptoms that always accompany this disgusting disease. Loss of smell, defective hearing, and mucus dropping in the back of the throat are other symptoms that show the presence of Catarrh, and which are quickly overcome by the use of this simple treatment.

Every person who has Catarrh in any form should give this prescription a trial. There is nothing better. (Adv't)

A SLIP OF A GIRL

By **SIDNEY WARWICK.**

OPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS.

Peter Latham, artist, thought it time he started a little work. The inspiration came to him in a wood at Heather-sett. He would paint a picture of the Sleeping Beauty. When it was the Sleeping Beauty appeared in the wood. There was a caravan in the wood. It had two apartments. One was Miss Joan Harwood, the other Patricia Chance, a young actress, who was staying-making. A happy accident makes Peter acquainted with the susceptible young man loses his heart to Patricia Chance. He also discovers the caravan and all to Peter, however, with a letter which was going to be in the dragon's mouth—their old "post office" is met.

PAT SPEAKS IN RIDDLES.

THE letter Pat had come to post in the dragon's mouth still lay where she had nibbled and fallen on the slippery moss-grown pines. On an impulse Peter gently disengaged from his arms; he crossed to pick up the letter with his name written there in the big, scrawling handwriting.

He would have opened it, but Pat cried suddenly: "No, Peter—you're not to read it even now. I see, everything is changed since I wrote it. I have given myself to you—that was inside of the letter. Please."

He held out her hand for it. Of course, as you wish, sweetheart," he said, put the letter into her hand. "But I don't understand—"

There were so many things to puzzle him; this enchanted hour had thrust them into the background of his mind, so trivial were they compared with the one thing that mattered.

Peter," she said suddenly, looking at him with frank, direct eyes, "you've got to take me on trust. Can you do that, dear? I—I don't run away from you, from my own long, this morning. . . . Joan knows why. But I tell you yet."

The wilful mouth was suddenly tremulous, a tender, as, with a little sign of content, slipped into the shelter of his arm again, there under the wide, watching stars.

"I thought we were just pals, Peter—and then, two nights ago, I knew it had come to more than that. . . . And I made up my mind was best to run away—out of danger—best to both, to save pain and disappointment the end."

He looked at her with puzzled eyes. Her eyes were staring past him, straight before her, at something he could not see. But if you cared—and knew I cared, little?"

"Yes, I knew that. . . . when the nightingale sang to us, I knew then. And I was both glad and sorry," she whispered.

"Sorry, sweetheart? And because you cared, I ran away?"

There was perplexed, questioning wonder in her voice.

"Oh, there's so much I can't tell you, Peter. I can't yet, at least. Things that seemed to be an insurmountable barrier between us, until to-night, when I came back to this old garden and found you here. And then, all in a moment, I knew that I had been a coward—knew that, however hard to surmount, no barriers of remembrance could really be insurmountable one had the courage to fight and face them."

She spoke a little breathlessly. The strange words were like a riddle, to which he had no clue or clue. And he must not ask for the clue.

"Oh, I can't tell you more, Peter. Some day I shall know. And you can't help me to look through those barriers I speak of; it's a title I must fight out alone."

She paused. Slowly she turned her wistful eyes to him. He saw the shadow in the darkness bent questioning on his.

"Peter, will you take me as I am—on trust?" "But you know, my dear!" he cried. And a light came back to her eyes again. "I don't seek to know till in your own good time I wish to tell me, sweetheart."

She drew his hand to her mouth and kissed it as if to thank him; then, still holding it in a warm clasp, held it pressed to her cheek.

"And Joan and the caravan?" he asked. She gave that little queer, pretty laugh that he loved.

"They're no further than four miles away at the next village, Peter," she told him. "You see, William, our old white horse, had got spoilt in a month of idleness and riotous living. I didn't like having to come back and leave the caravan, so, knowing how tender-hearted Joan is, he pretended it was too heavy a load on him, shamed feeling too weak. Went—and William, who's been doing nothing but eat all day long for four months, fat as butter!"

"I see. So Bill put it across you?" remarked Peter.

"Across Joan. I knew it was sheer laziness, and told William so. But by the time we were brought I didn't want to go any further. . . . because I was haunted by the thought of you, Peter. And to-night I told Joan that I must come back to leave that letter for you. . . . And, oh, Peter dear, I'm sorry for every moment of pain I gave you to-day, and for being such a beast—and I'm glad I came. Nothing else matters now."

"Not a blessed thing else, little girl!—so long I've got you," Peter said, fervently. "A thought made him add suddenly:—"

"That letter you got last night, Pat—I don't want to know anything you can't tell me—but thought that that letter would tell you. Here it is something to do with—your running away?"

"Partly, yes; but not altogether," she told him.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

him. "It only made me finally realise—but never mind that now, Peter."

"No, nothing matters now, beloved—except just our two selves and the happiness we've found on this day of days," he said, with conviction. "It's a lovely good world—and I'm the happiest chap in it, bar none. I feel as if I'd looted someone else's share as well as my own of the luck going," he cried, with a laugh.

And he drew her closer to him in his arms and kissed her mouth, her eyes, her hair—well, just because he wanted to, above everything else.

But what am I to do about getting back, Peter?" she said with a rueful laugh. "Pat, what a selfish brute I am!" Peter cried remorsefully. "I'd forgotten that poor ankle of yours—and you've been in pain all the time and never let me know!"

As she sank back into the seat he stooped to see that her ankle was terribly swollen under its silk stocking.

"You poor Pat!" the boy cried. "I shall have to carry you, that's all. Do you remember that morning by the trout stream, when I threatened to carry you back to the caravan because you were getting your feet so wet in the long grass?—well, I've got you now. . . . I couldn't manage the four miles with you in my arms, at least I can manage that, sweetheart," he said.

"Ever since I wanted to run away from you again. I couldn't now, Peter, could I?" she said, with a little breaking laugh, as he gathered her in his arms—such a light, precious burden. . . .

Her arms clung tight round his neck, the soft, fragrant hair touching his face like a caress; as he carried her across the sleeping, starlit garden.

WHAT WILL THE OTHERS SAY?

"BUT, Peter, I'm sure you'll never be able to carry me all that distance," Pat cried.

"What? A slip of a thing like you?" There was scorn in Peter's laugh.

He made his way up the three worn stone steps and through the arched doorway in the wall, as though she were hardly more than a featherweight in his arms.

"But when you've carried me to Mrs. Timson's door?" she cried.

"You're going to have that ankle of yours bathed and bandaged."

"Yes—but I mean about Joan. She'll be worrying about me dreadfully. I must go back to the caravan to-night somehow."

"We'll lose up for it, if you like. Heads you go back to the caravan, tails you don't. But in any case, of course you're not going," he told her. "This is what's going to happen. You and Joan will sleep at Mrs. Timson's to-night, and I'll hang out in the van with Peter II. When I've tottered feebly as far as Mrs. Timson's with you, I shall bike over to Joan; and William—I'll bet Bill won't like it, will he?—will have to exert himself and draw the van back to its old pitch to-night. And I hope it will be a lesson to you not to run away again! That's the scheme, all cut and dried, sweetheart."

"Peter, I believe you're going to be a dreadful tyrant when we're married," Pat said. "If you're so masterful within five seconds of our being engaged! But I suppose it's no good my protesting."

"Not a bit," said Peter cheerfully. With her hands clasped tight about his neck, he carried her through the wooded wilderness—garden, lying dim and mysterious in the starlight, to the little side gate with its broken lock.

"I shall always love this old garden, for memory's sake," Pat said softly, her eyes full of dreams, as they passed through the gate into the lane.

"Some day, if my pictures ever sell—which my brother Tom, in optimistic moments, thinks may happen in a year, a thousand years—we'll take this old house. Pat and I live here happily ever after. (We can do that last part all right.) I think it's only got about thirty rooms," Peter remarked, but that would be enough to go on with, I expect, if we weren't too ambitious." He added reflectively: "Of course, I had no earthly right, really, to ask you to marry me, since—"

But she put her hand on his mouth then. "I wonder what Joan will say?" a sudden thought made him say rather doubtfully.

"But it was for me, not Joan, to make the choice," she answered. . . . "And, you know, Joan likes you, Peter—oh, almost as much as I do, I think! And now that I have burned my boats. . . . oh, I believe in her heart she'll be glad that obstacles or no obstacles, I'm going to—to fight for my happiness." Just for a moment a little wrinkling frown came into her face.

"But I don't want to think of anything unpleasant to-night, of barriers interposed between you and me. . . . I only want to remember that this is our enchanted hour—and how happy you have made me, Peter dear," she whispered.

Their enchanted hour. . . . Yes, that was the word. Enchantment was everywhere about them, laying its spell upon the night. As long as he could remember anything he would remember the thrilling wonder of this hour, when all unexpectedly his heart's desire had been granted by the wayward fates that be.

Only he couldn't help wondering what his people would say to his news. The obstacles were not all on her side.

Peter had a vivid mental picture of Louisa Capp—stout, with a brick-red complexion, and a noisy laugh that always set all teeth on edge. Even his people had to admit that Louisa was homely-looking—but then she would have heaps of money. Money had a special pedestal to itself in the Latham household. And she was supposed to have a very tender regard for Peter. . . .

He suddenly shivered, almost as one who had had a narrow escape from irremediable disaster, and was impelled without warning to kiss Pat again very fervently.

"What a funny boy you are, Peter," she said, smiling up into his eyes, "but it's really rather beautiful to be loved."

Peter hugged her closer in his arms. They came out of the long lane into the village street; Mrs. Timson's cottage was not far away now. Fortunately they met no one to set gossiping tongues wagging to-morrow; Heather-sett kept early hours. He carried her through the garden gate.

"You must be feeling ready to drop, Peter—or to drop me!"

"Why, I feel as though I could carry you to the world's end!" the boy protested—though it was an unromantic fact that his arms were aching a little. "Hullo, Mrs. Timson," as the door opened suddenly, "Miss Chance has sprained her ankle and I've had to carry her here."

Mrs. Timson bustled off for warm water and lint and witch-hazel to put on the swollen ankle, as Peter carried Pat into his room and deposited her in the deep arm-chair. Though Pat made light of it, her foot was giving her intense pain.

"Now I'll bike over to find Joan, and bring her and the caravan back whilst Mrs. Timson bathes that poor foot of yours."

"William won't like being disturbed in his beauty sleep!"

"I'm rather afraid I may have to talk to William like a Dutch uncle if he tries to give himself any airs," Peter said.

"Peter, I'd like to write a note to tell Joan, because—well, never mind why."

He brought her a writing pad, and Pat wrote what seemed quite a long note to be given to Joan.

"Now I'll be off," said Peter, and lingered so long talking that Mrs. Timson had to remind him severely that Pat's foot was waiting to be attended to.

At Houghton he found Joan waiting in growing anxiety for Pat's return. She was standing looking down at the road as Peter, on his bicycle, came into sight. Peter, too, recognised him from afar and rushed to meet him, barking joyfully.

Joan's face looked very anxious and worried as he rode up to her.

"It's all right, Joan," he cried out, reassuringly. "Pat's at Mrs. Timson's. She's sprained her foot. And I've come to take you and the caravan back to Heather-sett. But here's a note from her."

Joan's face was enigmatical as she read Pat's letter. Then suddenly she looked up at the boy, her face cleared, and she smiled and held out her hand.

"I don't know whether it's wise or not, Peter, but I wish you luck with all my heart!"



Patricia Chance.

The clock was striking eleven when the van drew up again in its old ditch in the clearing in the wood. Joan and Peter walked to Mrs. Timson's, leaving the caravan in charge of Peter II, who howled dismally, as if the thought of being left by himself in the dark made his blood run cold.

They found Pat in the arm-chair with the little bare foot almost hidden in white linen bandages.

"What an impulsive Pat it is—to burn your boats behind you like this," Joan said, as Peter went out to put away the bicycle. "And I shall be blamed of course. Never mind, I can stand that. And you, you'll have to fight—well, your happiness and Peter's is worth it, I suppose."

"It isn't as though I was doing anything wrong or to be ashamed of," Pat said. "And I'm glad I've taken the law into my own hands. And in your heart you know I'm right, don't you, Joan?"

In my heart I know I envy you both tremendously, at any rate. Youth and young love—they spell so much! They haven't outlived illusion, or the magic of romance that's worth all the hard-headed common sense in the world. That, by the way, is a bit from my new novel—but it's quite true," Joan said. "I wonder if I shall shock Mrs. Timson very much if I smoke? All this excitement is bad for my mature nerves. I think I shall light a cigarette and chance it. Well, you've made one nice boy very happy, and that's worth all the troubles coming—as I'm very much afraid they are coming, Pat!"

Pat sighed—but her sigh ended in a little reckless laugh as Peter appeared at the door.

"You'll have to carry me upstairs, Peter, before you go—for I can't walk," she said.

So presently Peter gathered the slim form up in his arms again and carried her up the steep stairs to her room, followed by Joan.

"I can't go with you to the door, but as this is our first parting after our engagement, I must say good-night properly, mustn't I, Peter?" she said to him. "Joan, turn your head away!"

And with a little tender movement she drew her face down to hers and kissed him.

"Peter, you don't know half how much I care for you—or how happy you've made me!" she whispered. "Good-bye, sweetheart, until to-morrow!"

And then Peter went down the stairs. There will be another fine instalment of this fascinating story to-morrow.

Four Splendid Long Love Stories JUST OUT!

NO. 1 "SNUBBED BY THE MILL."

NO. 2 "ONLY HIS WORKGIRL."

NO. 3 "THE SOUL OF A PIT LAASS."

NO. 4 "A DISGRACE TO THE SHOP."

Ask your Newsagent for any or all of these four—

Each Story complete. 40 pages of magnificent reading.

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J.B. Side Spring Corsets

The Corsets of Distinction.



Model 1102
Super quality
brocade.
Average figure.
26/-

Confidence.

To have confidence in oneself to inspire confidence in others—are not these the two main qualities which lead to success? To a woman, the consciousness of being well-dressed is the first and most important step towards confidence. And good corsetry is the first and most important step towards being well-dressed. The makers of the J.B. brand know how to make their corsets the basis of good dressing. They have always the right cut and "line" to mould the figure and bring it to conform with the fashion, at the same time maintaining health and comfort as a paramount consideration.

Masterfront is the greatest invention since side-spring corsets were introduced. In this device, strength is gained at the weakest point of ordinary corsets—the busts. J.B. Masterfront corsets have no seams to break out; the busts are double, and are enclosed in double tubular casings.

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Leading Drapers.

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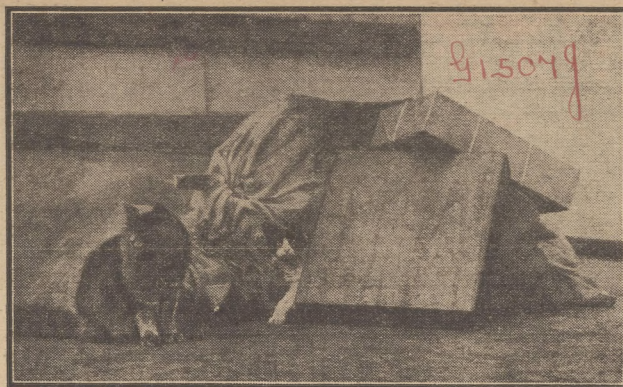
Cuticura For The Skin

The Soap to Cleanse and Purify The Ointment to Soothe and Heal

These fragrant, super-creams soothe itching, clear the skin of pimples, blotches, redness and roughness, the scalp of itching and dandruff, and the hands of chaps and sores. In purity, delicate medication, refreshing fragrance, convenience and economy, Cuticura Soap and Ointment meet with the approval of the most discriminating. Ideal for toilet use.

Nonp Is. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Sold throughout the Empire. For thirty-two page skin booklet address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charterhouse St., London. Also for mail order with price.

Cuticura Soap Shaves without mug.



ON GUARD.—Blue Peter, a Persian cat, is the mascot of H.M.S. Southampton. He does sentry-go near the parcels in case there is anything for him to eat inside.

CRAZE FOR "TOSS-IT-UP" HAIRDRESSING.

Vigorous Protest Against "Hayrick" Vogue.

"WILD" LOCKS FASHION.

The new "toss it up" fashion in hair-dressing is distressing men.

"Why must women ruin their most beautiful gift, a good head of hair, by imitating a savage without a hairbrush or comb?" writes a man reader of *The Daily Mirror*.

"With short-cut hair combed and fluffed in every direction to stand up from the head it was bad enough, but in every theatre, in the stalls and in the pit, I see girls with frizzed piles of hair—evidently unbrushed on purpose, tossed up on their heads.

"Such lengths of hair would make a plain woman lovely if well brushed and burnished, but these hayricks of dull, frizzed strands are horrible.

"I am a bachelor, but why do married men allow it? And I notice that my friends actually engage themselves to girls with such untidy heads in preference to the girl with the smooth, burnished locks."

STUDIES IN BOND-STREET.

Where Women Learn to Make Smooth Hair Look Untidy.

Inquiries at a Bond-street coiffure establishment proved that women come daily for an hour or two on end to learn the art of making smooth hair look untidy.

"Short hair is divided into a dozen different sections, back-combed and stood on end in different directions, to give the fashionable "wild" look.

"Long hair is also back-combed and the hair at the centre parting cut short from the forehead to the back to stand on end. So, too, are the pieces over the ears.

"The alternative fashion now is for absolutely plain, waveless hair, brushed back from the forehead and coiled severely behind.

"I myself, as a hairdresser, hope it may out the wild style, but fear that it will not. Women always like eccentric hairdressing.

"Men take out for preference the girls with 'mad waves.'"

STORM IN A TEACUP.

Trouble Brewed at a Lipton's Shareholders' Meeting.

Some lively scenes marked an extraordinary general meeting of Lipton, Limited, which was held at Winchester House, London, yesterday, and at which a motion, carried by the chairman's casting vote, confirmed a previous resolution concerning increased emoluments for the directors.

The chairman (Mr. C. Williamson Milne) moved the resolution of confirmation, whereupon a shareholder declared that the resolution at the previous meeting had not been carried in accordance with law. The chairman, however, replied that the resolution was carried in strictly proper form.

There were cries of "Yes, after the shareholders had gone away disgusted," and "disgraceful!"

And cries of "Time!" several of the objecting shareholders persisted in their hostile demeanour to the resolution.

The chairman declared it carried, but a count was demanded, with the result that it was declared seventeen voted for and seventeen voted against the motion. The chairman gave his casting vote for the resolution, which was therefore carried, and he stated that he had proxies in an overwhelming number in favour of it.

WEALTH UNDER BED.

Heavy Purchases of Precious Stones as Untaxable Investments.

PROBLEM FOR CHANCELLOR.

Are some wealthy people of this country becoming timid of future taxation and investing their money in precious stones as a means of escaping their share of the war burden?

This has undoubtedly been going on in the more unsettled parts of Europe, and there are indications of a similar tendency here.

One of the most striking features of the mining market during the last few months has been the rise in the value of diamond shares," said a financial expert to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday. "De Beers' £2 10s. deferred shares are now quoted at over £20, as compared with a highest of £26 10s. and a lowest of £12 during last year. In Premiers and New Jagersfontains there has been a similar rise.

"The diamond market is now so strongly controlled that there is no possibility of stones declining in value unless some sensational new discovery occurs. Output is restricted to accord with demand, and prices are automatically advanced as the demand increases.

"Undoubtedly an important cause in the rise of diamond shares is the heavy purchases of people who have made money quickly in Russia, Austria and Germany during the war.

"The revolutionary spirit abroad makes them afraid to trust their money to banks, so they buy precious stones. This enables them to keep their wealth in 'tabloid' form, easily handled and moved, and it enables them to avoid taxation upon wealth so secreted.

"Many refugees who are leaving those countries arrive here with all their wealth in that form, and recently one gave a jewel worth £500 to the captain of the vessel that brought them, as a reward for getting them through safely.

"How far the same thing is going on in this country it is difficult to say, but the market certainly suggests such a tendency. I heard the other day of a man who had thousands of pounds worth of stones under his bed.

"If this method of investment becomes general, it will provide a nice problem for future Chancellors who wish to tax these crystallised stores of wealth."

BEAUTY AND THE BLIND.

Award of £10 Prize to Sightless Heroine Warmly Approved.

One of the most gratifying features of *The Daily Mirror* Beauty Competition to the Editor is the unanimous approval of the successful competitors of the decision to award a £10 prize to a blinded heroine.

Miss A. M. Peters, a pretty munition girl of twenty-three to whom this special award was totally blinded while on munition work in the danger department of Woolwich Arsenal. Her parents live at 55, Windmill-street, Brighton, and her photograph was among the 50,000 entered for the contest.

The following extract from a successful competitor's letter is typical of the others:—

"I think the part of the competition that has given me greatest pleasure is that Miss A. M. Peters has also won a £10 prize. I for one would willingly sacrifice any limb if by so doing it would restore to her the sight of her eyes. I know many other English girls would do the same for the contest."

"I should like to meet her and act as her guide at any time we found ourselves in the same town or neighbourhood."

67 YEARS A CHORISTER.

Mr. Thomas B. Clarke, of Atherton, Warwickshire, has just turned his seventy-seventh birthday, and has been a chorister at the same church as a member of Mervale Church Choir, a length of service believed to be unique.

His son has been a member of the same choir forty-one years. Both became choristers at the age of seven.

HOW TO GET RID OF INDIGESTION.

"Most people who suffer from indigestion, gastritis, dyspepsia, etc.—even those who have been afflicted for years and who have tried doctors, hospitals and patent medicines galore without permanent relief—can get instant relief and insure painless normal digestion by taking half a teaspoonful of Bisurated Magnesia in a little hot water immediately after eating." The authority for the above statement, who has spent years in investigating the results from the use of the product, claims that the remarkable and instant relief which almost invariably follows the use of Bisurated Magnesia is due to the fact that it neutralises stomach acid and stops food fermentation, thus giving nature a chance to proceed with its work without hindrance. He also related many instances of its successful use by doctors and in hospitals, and said it was desirable that every soldier should carry a bottle of Bisurated Magnesia in either powder or tablet form as a guarantee against those stomach troubles which so frequently follow hasty eating or the use of hastily prepared food. Care should be taken to insist on getting the genuine Bisurated Magnesia, which, owing to its marvellous properties, is now sold by chemists everywhere in powder form at 3s. per bottle, and in tablets at 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. per flask, under a binding guarantee of satisfaction or money back.

BISURATED MAGNESIA can now be obtained of all Chemists in mint-flavoured tablets as well as in the ordinary powdered form.—(Advt.)

DONT SUFFER

THE INCONVENIENCES OF

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

Those using artificial teeth have nearly all suffered from a soreness of the gums and palate, plate moving or dropping when eating, speaking or singing, etc. All these troubles can be most easily removed by using Talmec. When placed upon a moistened denture will hold it firmly in place. It has strong antiseptic and healing properties and will promote healthy conditions of the mouth. It is tasteless and odorless.

In glass sprinker bottles, 2/6 or 4/- post free. The T.A.L.M.-T.C.O., 566, Old Kent Road, S.E.1.

Drink Hot Water if You Desire a Rosy Complexion.

Says we can't help but look better and feel better after an inside bath.

To look one's best and feel one's best is to enjoy an inside bath each morning, to wash from the system the previous day's waste, fermentations and poisonous matter before it is absorbed into the blood. Just as coal, when it burns, leaves behind a certain amount of incombustible material in the form of ashes, so the food and drink taken each day leave in the alimentary organs a certain amount of indigestible material, which, if not eliminated, forms toxins and poisons which are then sucked into the blood through the very ducts which are intended to suck in only nourishment to sustain the body.

If you want to see the glow of healthy bloom in your cheeks, to see your skin get clearer and clearer, you are told every morning upon arising a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, which is a harmless means of washing the waste materials and toxins from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels, thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary tract, before putting more food into the stomach.

Men and women with sallow skins, liver spots, pimples, or pale complexion, those who wake up with a coated tongue, bad taste and breath, others who are bothered with headaches, bilious spells, acid stomach or constipation should begin the limestone phosphate drinking, and are assured of very pronounced results in one or two weeks.

A quarter-pound of limestone phosphate costs very little at the chemist's, but just as much to demonstrate that just as soap and hot water cleanses, purifies and freshens the skin on the outside, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the inside organs. We must always consider that internal sanitation is vastly more important than outside cleanliness, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, while the bowel pores do.

Washing-up Machine £3:3

Washes, Rinses and Sterilises all table service for a family of five

CASH ORDERS TAKE PRECEDENCE

MADE IN SIX SIZES.

LARGEST 6,000 FIBRES PER HOUR.

THE WASHING-UP MACHINE CO.

Showrooms: 34, Fulham Rd., S. Kensington, S.W.3.

Newberry made occasional good spurts afterward but no longer seemed able to take the initiative. The further Shevlin went the better he seemed like it, and after Newberry had made one fine rally in the fifteenth round the Londoner was always losing ground up to the close. A. C. F.

**Order your
copy To-day**

Daily Mirror

Tuesday, April 15, 1919.

NEW ATTORNEY-GENERAL.



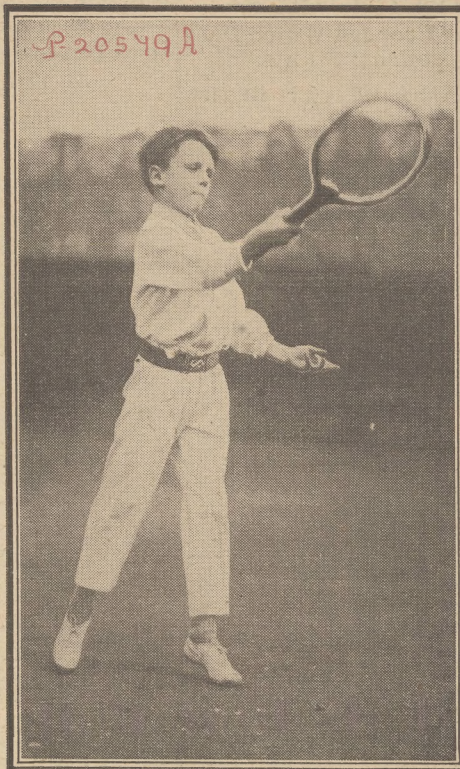
Lieut.-Colonel R. E. Negus, D.S.O., who has been appointed Attorney-General of the island of St. Lucia. He is a barrister-at-law.



HEROIC SAILOR.—William C. Jackson, H.M.S. Valorous, who rescued a five-year-old boy who had fallen into the River Esk, at Longtown. Jackson was nearly swept away by the current, but carried the unconscious boy to the bank.



BRAVE RESCUE.—F.W. Curry, who has been awarded the Royal Humane Society's certificate for saving a child from drowning in a mill lodge. Curry is only a moderate swimmer, and is now recovering from wounds received in action.



Master Lancaster.



Master Ritchie.

Master J. E. H. Lancaster met Master J. R. Ritchie, son of the champion, in a lawn tennis match. The latter has begun young, as he feels it will take a long time to equal his father's standard of play.



A LONG TRAMP.—Mr. Walter Sheppard, Lydd's postman, has walked 251,221 miles in 44 years. He is retiring.



CARDIFF'S NEW GREEK CHURCH.—The Archbishop of Cyprus (wearing mitre) performed opening ceremony. Lord Bute, who speaks modern Greek, gave the land.



ALBERT MEDAL.—Miss Gladys White, of Portsmouth, who saved life during casualty clearing station fire in Belgium.



WHERE THERE WERE TRENCHES.—Great Yarmouth is preparing for the holidays, and all traces of war will be removed.



WHY BABY IS HAPPY.—When nurse is away children love to get dirty. One white shoe is already soiled.



AIRMAN SUED.—Captain William Morrice, R.A.F., and Major Robert Loraine, the actor-airman, in mufti, leaving the court. (See news pages.)